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The Week

IT IS an ominous fact that so many news articles from Washington nowadays are saying that the N.R.A. will succeed or fail as the current "Buy Now" campaign succeeds or doesn't. The statement is of course not true; but if it were, it would mean the end of the New Deal on its present lines. We have had "Buy Now" campaigns in this country over and over, and they have never succeeded yet. The one best club which the administration supposedly had was the threat of higher prices, primarily to be brought about by inflation; and that threat is no longer effective. In any event, most of the people of the United States spend nearly all their income on a hand-to-mouth basis, and cannot buy to anticipate future wants, or increase their expenditures materially, even if they want to. Consumer buying will probably in fact be somewhat larger this fall, because of increases in farmers' incomes and pay rolls which have not yet been eaten up with higher prices; but the "Buy Now" campaign will have little to do with it, and may even be harmful, by encouraging retailers to keep up prices which ought to be set low enough to move the goods off the shelves. This sort of patriotic ballyhoo is coming to be painfully characteristic of the efforts of the Roosevelt administration. Eventually the country will learn the bitter lesson that no amount of such ballyhoo is a substitute for genuine economic reorganization.

MEANWHILE, winter is approaching and we are still confronted by the desperately serious problem of the unemployed. According to Harry L. Hopkins, Federal Relief Administrator, the number of families on public relief rolls has dropped from 4,800,000 to 3,250,000, but this reduction has undoubtedly been accomplished in part by taking people off the lists who still ought to be there. There are in addition from 600,000 to 700,000 single persons, a class whose special problem is discussed in an editorial article elsewhere in this issue. With their dependents, Mr. Hopkins estimates that there are still 15 million people on public relief. Throughout the country, thirty times as many are being assisted as needed help before the depression. The average assistance given is fifty cents per day per family. While private relief agencies are still going through the motions of getting donations from the charitably inclined, their proportion of the total volume of aid has dwindled to insignificance. The main reliance this winter will necessarily be on federal money; and it is likely to be needed on a far greater scale than Congress has heretofore contemplated.

THE nomination of Mr. Pecora for district attorney on the McKee ticket in New York is good news for McKee partisans, but is likely to be bad news for almost everyone else. Mr. Pecora is now acting as the counsel of the Senate subcommittee investigating the investment bankers. It is extremely important that this committee get to the bottom of the crucial process of investment, that it document the record thoroughly. Mr. Pecora has been doing a good job of it. So good is this job that some of those who are under investigation, while striving to convey a public impression of compliance, have been deeply concerned as to how he might be called off. That is not an easy problem

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in the case of an honest man like Mr. Pecora, who apparently is not ambitious to become rich. We believe that he did not seek the New York nomination; on the contrary, it was probably forced upon him by a combination of pressures which any man in public life would find it hard to resist. Nevertheless his acceptance means that, if he is elected, he will cease to serve the Senate committee after January 1. This gives the bankers a new lease of life in delaying and hampering the investigation. Anything that does not come out before the first of the year may never come out. The subcommittee should take cognizance of this fact and stiffen its backbone in order to get prompt information from reluctant sources.

THE President is right in paying serious attention to the membership of the Federal Trade Commission. If it is decided to require prices to be set by competition rather than through the hasty codes under the N.R.A., the Commission will have plenty of work to do in administering the anti-trust laws. If, on the other hand, the codes are perfected and a permanent administration is set up for them, the Commission may have a large part to play in this activity. The appointment of James M. Landis of the Harvard Law School to succeed Commissioner Raymond B. Stevens, whose term has expired, is excellent; Mr. Landis will maintain the high standards set by his predecessor. Mr. Roosevelt also had good reasons for terminating the membership of William E. Humphrey, a Republican appointee whose function on the Commission often seemed to be that of making it pliable to the wishes of organized business rather than rendering it an effective agency of the public interest. Unfortunately, however, there seems to be a good deal of logic in Mr. Humphrey's objection to his removal. His term had not expired. He was not removed for definitely specified malfeasance in office. The Commission is supposed to be a quasi-judicial body, independent of the executive. These arguments were used by progressives with great effect when former Republican administrations began to back this and other commissions, when written resignations were required of newly appointed members, to be held in reserve for possible use by the President at any time when he became dissatisfied with a commissioner's action. It would seem either that Mr. Roosevelt is creating a bad precedent in removing Mr. Humphrey, or that we must abandon the theory that business should be controlled by "independent" and so-called "impartial" bodies. There is a good deal to be said for the latter alternative.

DURING all the ballyhoo about N.R.A. and other new governmental agencies, Railroad Coordinator Eastman has been quietly forging ahead with a lot of useful work. Much of this work is still in the preparatory stages; time will be required to make it count. But one thing at least is a perfectly definite and well managed contribution to recovery. That is the organization of large new purchases of rails, depending on lower rail prices by the steel companies. The manufacture of rails has been for years a closely held monopoly by four great steel corporations; foreign competition was barred by international agreement; the price was held grimly at $43 a ton while all other prices were diving; eventually the slight concession of a $40 price was made, but it failed to evoke orders. Mr. Eastman's letter to the heads of the steel companies is a model of courteous but firm negotiation. He reminds them that these companies have now agreed with the President that they will, without collusion, submit competitive and lower bids for the rail orders in prospect. According to the steel code, the lowest bid submitted will become the price of all. More than 800,000 tons of rails will be ordered immediately by the roads if the price is low enough. About half of this quantity can be ordered only if the roads receive government credit for the purpose, and the Interstate Commerce Commission must pass on the government loans. Information at hand indicates that the price should be at least as low as $35. If any company believes it cannot make the rails as cheaply as that, it should be prepared to prove its case by letting the Interstate Commerce Commission examine its books. That is putting it up to the steel trust. It is one of the most intelligent actions taken by any arm of the administration.

THE third week of the Reichstag fire trial now being held in Leipzig has revealed little except new evidence of the weakness of the Nazi case against Torgler, Dimitroff and the other Communist leaders. At almost every hearing some weak prop in the frame-up has collapsed, and judges, prosecutors, witnesses, defense lawyers and the Department of Propaganda have all been working frantically to conceal the wreckage. Dimitroff's cross-examinations of witnesses at last proved too pointed, and he was expelled from the courtroom, though afterwards, at the protest of foreign lawyers, he was readmitted; van der Lubbe has continued to prove himself a very Gracie Allen of a witness, answering his enigmatic "yes" and "no" to the questions asked him, sometimes answering both yes and no to the same question. But a new extreme was reached on October 5, when the attorneys for the defense (the defense!) united in a spirited pep-rally for the National Socialists, denounced charges that the Nazis had started the fire, said that evidence pointing to such a conclusion was beneath the notice of a German lawyer, declared "insulting" the request for a physical examination of van der Lubbe (to answer the charge that he had been drugged). All that was needed, it seems, to make the comic-opera spirit complete was for the defense and prosecution to unite in singing the "Horst Wessel" song. The

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Nazis have attempted to conceal the collapse of the trial by further restrictions on the press and by tightening the ban against foreign publications. Even granting that the censorship could be made complete, one wonders how the Nazis intend to prevent simple common sense from asking the questions which their propaganda itself raises—surely even the most backward will be puzzled as to why it has become necessary for the defense attorneys to make radio speeches clearing the Nazis of the charge of having burned the Reichstag!

SAMUEL DICKSTEIN, chairman of the Immigration Committee of the House of Representatives, has announced that in the near future the Committee will conduct an investigation of propaganda by German Nazis in the United States. He already has in his possession evidence tending to show that great sums of money are being spent in this country to further the Hitlerite doctrines, and that a large staff of persons is engaged in this work. The ultimate purpose, it is believed, is to spread Nazi ideas sufficiently to bring about a fascist revolution in this country. Mr. Dickstein points out that three hundred persons have recently entered the United States as "employees or servants" of German consulates—a number which is "ridiculously large for the ordinary conduct of affairs by legitimate German consular offices." One of the witnesses at the Dickstein investigation will be Bernard Ridder, well know newspaper publisher, one of whose papers is the Staats-Zeitung, of New York. Mr. Ridder says he was visited recently by Heinz Spanknoebel, who showed him credentials from the German government as head of the Nazi work in America and ordered him to print fewer pro-Jewish articles and more which are pro-Hitler. Mr. Ridder, who threw Spanknoebel out of his office, says further that the support which many German-American societies are giving the Hitler government is caused by fear of reprisals against relatives of the members who still live in Germany.

STILL more remarkable evidence regarding Nazi propaganda in this country was recently published in The Daily Worker, of New York, the Communist paper. The Daily Worker published on the front page of its issue of October 7 what is represented as being a photographic copy of a letter sent from Mr. Spanknoebel's New York organization, Freunde des Neuen Deutschland (Friends of the New Germany) to an official Berlin correspondent identified only as "Uschla," but having the same address as the Berlin police. Among the startling items of information conveyed in this letter are the following:

> 1. That the German government is plotting to execute someone else in place of van der Lubbe, the alleged Communist who has "confessed" to setting the Reichstag fire, and is planning to send van der Lubbe secretly to the United States. The author of the letter reproduced in The Daily Worker, W. Haag, says "I cannot find a place for van der Lubbe here; it is best if you throw him overboard into the ocean while en route to another country."
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> 2. German agents are being smuggled into the United States, in violation of the American immigration law. The letter speaks of one young woman who is asked "to take the place of our agent in the Amtorg." The letter goes on to say, "she should come over on the Europa or Bremen as a hairdresser, then we'll send another person back to Germany on the ship, thus evading the immigration authorities and avoid a check-up by Untermeyer [Samuel Untermyer?].
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> 3. The letter speaks of a Dr. Spanner, who "asks energetically that the General Electric representatives in Germany be watched as they intend to carry on espionage there." The letter refers to a brother of Dr. Spanner "in the Medical Center, who has done a lot for us," and on this ground requests "that Dr. Spanner's business affairs be speeded up and given protection. . . . Please work fast in the Spanner affair—lots of money for us depends on it."
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> 4. A statement which speaks for itself, in the letter, reads: "I agree with you entirely that it would be good to give the damned Communists in Leipzig an injection of syphilis. Then it can be said that Communism comes from syphilis of the brain."
>
> 5. "Let us know how things stand with the Hitler book. We must distribute many of them free; we'll have considerable success with it. It is child's play to make good anti-Semites out of the Americans."

The New Republic of course does not know whether this letter is genuine. Mr. Spanknoebel has asserted it is a forgery, but such a simple assertion, under the circumstances, obviously needs substantiation. We do know, however, that actions of the Nazi government in Germany make it entirely believable. Obviously, a searching investigation by the United States government, such as Mr. Dickstein is planning, is imperatively necessary to find out just what the German Nazis are doing in this country and to what extent, if any, they are violating American law.

THE alleged letter from Mr. Haag, in referring to "The Hitler book," may or may not refer to Hitler's autobiography, which is being published by Houghton Mifflin Company under the title, "My Battle." Publication of this book in America has already been the subject of one controversy and now seems likely to cause at least two more. Some American Jews protested the publication and proposed a boycott of the Houghton Mifflin Company; but other members of the same group answered them by saying that for Americans, Hitler's book ought to be the most effective possible anti-Nazi propaganda. This reply was based on the assumption, however, that the American translation would be an accurate transcript of the contents of the original volume. No less a person than Dr. Charles A. Beard, the noted American historian, now comes forward to say that this is not the case. Professor Beard states that whereas the original book con-

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tains about 800 pages, the translation consists of only 282. He adds:

> The translation omits whole passages of vital interest to the American public. It tones down vehement passages for Anglo-Saxon readers. It condenses dishonestly. It transforms hysterical German into sober English, and the publishers' foreword gives no indication of the nature of the offenses committed against American readers. American reviewers who cannot read German and compare this fantastic and garbled account with the original have no business reviewing the alleged translation for the press.

The New Republic submitted a summary of Dr. Beard's charges to the Houghton Mifflin Company, and on the eve of going to press, has received the following telegraphic reply:

> Our version is described on the title page as an abridged edition and the publishers' note states the purpose of the abridgement to reduce the 800 pages of the final German edition. Our advisers assert that the translator has made a conscientious effort to include all the points made by Hitler in the original and to present all his sentiments and ideals of government. We believe that the book adequately represents the author's position and his political and social views.
>
> HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY.

THE newspaper publishers seem to want to support the New Deal with words rather than with deeds. If any provisions of the codes would seem to be universally and inevitably approved, they are those abolishing child labor. But what other former exploiters of children have consented to do, the newspaper publishers are, so far, solidly refusing. The "Fourth Estate" is marching at the very tail of the procession by wanting to permit boys and girls of any age to sell papers at any time of the day or night except during school hours. The National Child Labor Committee has urged the adoption of the very sensible provision that the publishers shall not employ or permit to be employed in the distribution of papers anybody under 16, except boys between 14 and 16 between 7 A. M. and 7 P. M., where such work does not interfere with the hours of day school. This recommendation has received widespread support from authorities and other associations interested in the matter. Why should the newspaper publishers insist, for instance, that a fifteen-year-old girl or a twelve-year-old boy shall peddle papers on the streets, or that any boy should be compelled to do so after seven o'clock at night?

ON October 5, Jessie Lloyd O'Connor, investigating the western Pennsylvania steel and coal situation for the Federated Press, attended, in her position as reporter, a strikers' meeting in Ambridge, Pennsylvania. It was on this day that the riot occurred at the gates of the Spang-Chalfant tube mill, where the Steel and Metal Workers' Industrial Union has been organizing the workers. A picket line of about 200 had been stationed around the plant to prevent scabs from going to work. Some of the pickets had clubs, but they were otherwise unarmed. Without warning Sheriff O'Laughlin, who is known to be "a company man," descended upon the crowd with a squad of 200 deputy sheriffs, all armed with guns, rifles and tear-gas bombs. The strikers were ordered to put down their clubs and disperse. They refused. "Get 'em," came the order. Within a few minutes one dead and about fifty wounded workers lay in the street. When the fray was over, and the authorities were investigating the cause of the trouble, it was recalled that a "mysterious woman" had been present at the morning meeting. Someone had noted her automobile-license number and she was thereby identified as the wife of none other than Harvey O'Connor, author of "Mellon's Millions."

TO HAVE written so unflattering a biography of "Pittsburgh's leading citizen" meant of course that Mr. O'Connor and his wife were Communists and as such Mrs. O'Connor must be guilty of inciting the riot so ably managed by Sheriff O'Laughlin. There was no evidence against her, but the police found this of no great consequence. So four plain-clothesmen, whose number was later increased to twenty, broke into the O'Connor home at Pittsburgh and without a search warrant ransacked the house. They went through desks and files, but carried off nothing more serious than a copy of the Mellon biography, a copy of The Modern Monthly and The Soviet Union Guide Book, which they designated as "pretty hot stuff." During this time Mr. O'Connor was not permitted to use the telephone and to his protest against being searched without a warrant the lieutenant replied, "We need no warrant. If you don't like it you can go to the courts." The siege lasted for four hours and when Mrs. O'Connor still failed to appear, the officers procured a John Doe warrant from Ambridge and Mr. O'Connor was ushered off to the central police station where he remained over night. In the morning his case was dismissed for want of evidence. No one seemed able to explain the cause of his arrest save Mr. O'Connor himself who issued this statement:

> There are forces in Pittsburgh which would be glad to see me and my wife out of the city because I wrote a book which displeased certain higher-ups here. I do not intend to leave Pittsburgh; it is a fine city, can be made much better, and I hope to contribute, in my humble way, to this end.

OUR readers will remember that a few weeks ago the Burgess (the mayor) of Homestead, Pennsylvania, made himself famous for a day by refusing to permit Miss Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor, to speak in that steel-mill town. Now a couple of other Pennsylvania mayors have come forward to admit that they are just as cowardly,

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just as much tools of the steel trust, as the gentleman from Homestead. Mrs. Gifford Pinchot, the public-minded and extremely able wife of the Governor of Pennsylvania, a few days ago made plans to speak in the town of Vandergrift. Promptly, the Burgess refused her permission. The scene of the meeting was then moved to Apollo; but here, also, the Burgess proved obdurate. The steel trust's motto remains now what it was before the New Deal: no free speech, no liberty of assemblage for anybody whom it is able to control.

Shall We Join the Next War?

AMERICAN eyes are so concentrated on the recovery effort at home that they are inclined to overlook the critical developments in Europe. Yet these developments are likely to concern them in the most vital of all ways —in a danger of world war. And there is at least a chance that the present policy of American representatives in Europe will lead toward a participation by the United States in the threatened hostilities.

The Disarmament Conference may, ironically enough, mark the point at which Europe definitely turns toward a new war. Germany is pressing her claim to equality in armament. France will certainly not disarm, if for no other reason because she fears the warlike temper of the Nazis. If there is one clear note in the policy of the new Germany, it is that the ruling powers are using every means at their disposal to prepare the people for military effort. This campaign includes everything from philosophy and education to drill and manufacture of weapons. If France will not disarm, the only road to equality is German arming. But that would involve violation of the Treaty of Versailles. France of course will not consent to revision of the treaty provisions, under the circumstances; Britain will not look with favor upon the increase of German armament; and it is strongly hinted in the dispatches that the United States as well would protest, in view of her separate treaty with Germany, which specifies German disarmament.

Some diplomatic formula may be found to gloss over this deadlock, but the chances are a million to one that no real meeting of minds will be achieved. Germany, whether she agrees or does not agree to a compromise, will by some means or other prepare the warlike manpower and machine power which her aggressive policy demands. She will doubtless protest that she does not want war, but merely wants the opportunity to reënforce her case before other nations as only a physically powerful country can do. Such a protestation might even be sincere without abating one iota the danger of an armed outbreak. Nations need not intend war in order to have one. All they need is to support their policies by the bluff of war; the bluff may be called, and bluffs must sometime be made good in order to be effective. France will suspect Germany just as strongly, no matter what soothing words may be said. And if Germany rearms in fact, France will call that action a treaty violation and seek the application of League sanctions, probably in the form of an economic boycott—enforced by means of the superior navies of the boycotting powers.

Such action means, of course, war. It means a "legal" war, to be sure. But it will be war nevertheless. Going through the motions of invoking the League, or Locarno, or whatever the legal apparatus may be, will be simply a protective coloration for what the military call "preventive war." In other words, if war is likely anyway, strike first and before your enemy is prepared so that you may be sure of the victory. The temptation on the part of France to wage a preventive war against Germany —which may incidentally win the Rhineland and the Ruhr—is so strong in view of the present hostile opinion to the German rulers all over the world that it is likely to become irresistible, provided the aid or even the neutrality of the other Great Powers can be assured.

It is here that the policy of the United States is involved. If we join a boycott, we shall be obliged to join a war. If we give advance assurances that we will join a boycott, we not only incur the risk that we may have to make good the promise, but we encourage France to be stiffer in her resistance, and thus increase the chances of having to make good. We take this insupportable risk for the sake of the very slim chance that a united front would frighten Nazi Germany into submission. Mr. Norman Davis and President Roosevelt are now in a position to commit the United States, without the full knowledge or consent of its people or Congress, to a course leading toward war, in much the same way in which Sir Edward Grey committed the British people to France before 1914.

It may be argued that if we do not side with the other powers in the matter of German rearmament, we shall encourage the Nazis to go ahead in their calamitous course. By arguments like this we were gradually brought around to participation in the late war. We ought now to be immune to them. Let us inscribe at the top of our international agenda a few simple principles—and stick to them like grim death. These principles are self-evident, after the recent experiences of the world. War cannot be prevented by threats. War cannot be prevented by war. No one nation is guilty of a war. Punishment of a "guilty nation" is not a moral obligation. Victory in a war does not achieve international appeasement. If war occurs, the obligation of the peace-seeking nations is to remain at peace. The only program leading to the abolishment of war is one which resolves the economic, social and political diseases which give rise to war. The time to prevent war is before the danger of it becomes acute, not afterward.

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Pork Chops for God's Chillun

A FEROCIOUS, silent struggle has been going on in Washington, since early in August, between the Agricultural Adjustment Administration and the Chicago packers. It is a struggle which may have far-reaching effects upon the country. It is important to know, in the first place, that the present aims of the A.A.A. differ greatly from those of the N.R.A. The codes written under the N.R.A. have all been slap-dash, slam-bang affairs. Except for their provisions for minimum wages and maximum hours, the N.R.A. codes, for the most part, have merely standardized existing trade practices. There has been little or no attempt made by the N.R.A. to set up, in clear-cut terms, a measure of conscious control over our economic life.

It is possible that General Johnson's old friend and business associate, Mr. George N. Peek, A.A.A Administrator, wished to write similarly indecisive, hasty codes under the A.A.A. If he did, he has had his ideas radically changed by Secretary Wallace and Assistant Secretary Tugwell. Under the astute guidance of these two men, the A.A.A. is now fighting for codes which look towards permanent economic and social changes tending to eliminate some of the anarchy and injustice of the present system. In the Chicago packers, the A.A.A. has encountered its first redoubtable opponent. Ever since the administration of the elder Roosevelt, the packers have symbolized vested interests and predatory wealth. It was the packers who furnished the model for Opper's "Uncle Trusty," the man with the plug hat and checked pants, the pig eyes, drooping paunch and black cigar.

A public hearing on the draft code submitted by the packers was held August 15. The packers were informed unofficially that the code was wholly inacceptable. Since then, the packers have made various offers of slight concessions, which have been refused. At present, a complete deadlock exists. Out of this deadlock, however, has come one surprising result. During the last days of August, the price of hogs fell dismally. As there seemed no hope of obtaining an adequate code for the packers which would permit early stabilization of the hog market, the A.A.A. determined to make direct purchases of a million brood sows and four million pigs, and remove them from the market. This plan, like that of plowing under cotton, was intended as an emergency means of raising hog prices.

However, very quickly it was foreseen that, where the result of plowing under cotton had been merely fallow land, the result of slaughtering five million sows and pigs would be a small mountain of edible meat. With close to ten million unemployed men and women in the country, it appeared grotesque folly to let this pork go, as had been originally planned, for tankage—the technical name for the residue of fat-rendering tanks—and be used for fertilizer. A conference was accordingly arranged with Mr. Harry L. Hopkins, federal Emergency Relief Administrator, who was asked if he thought he could distribute this pork as rapidly as it was bought up and processed. For weeks in his own department, Mr. Hopkins had been rebelling against the meager subsistence standards set for the unemployed. He accepted the offer of the A.A.A. with jubilation. It occurred to him, moreover, that here was an idea which might be explored still further. He knew that the long wrangle over the N.R.A. coal code had been caused, in part, by the present exceptional coal surplus. After consultation with N.R.A. officials and anthracite interests, Mr. Hopkins announced he would buy for distribution to the unemployed from ten to fifteen million tons of coal. Then he went to Hyde Park and, after talking matters over with President Roosevelt, sweepingly proclaimed that the Relief Administration would buy whatever the unemployed need of food, clothing and fuel, up to a limit of $650 million.

The project has since been further developed by the formation of a governmental Surplus Relief Corporation to buy up surpluses whenever they are found and route them direct to unemployed persons who need them, without paying for waste and profits incident to our creaking system of processing and distribution. Under its courageous directors, Mr. Hopkins and Secretaries Wallace and Ickes, its opportunity is tremendous.

The success of the hog-buying program, and the public approval attending it, has greatly stiffened the spine of A.A.A. officials in their fight with the packers. The A.A.A. is now assured of a crude but effective means of sustaining meat prices to the farmers this winter. On the other hand, the packers still are bound by the stipulations of the Supreme Court Consent Decree of 1922, and will remain so until an A.A.A. code is signed. If the packers take joint action towards raising prices to the consumer, they will risk prosecution and jail.

To the packers' code, as it now stands, there are three great objections. In the first place, except in the case of hogs, it does not provide for control of production. The control favored by the A.A.A. is through a processing tax—similar to the tax now levied on wheat millers and cotton spinners—the proceeds of which would be distributed to farmers and ranchers in return for a pledge to restrict their herds and flocks to a predetermined figure. Without some form of production control, it is foolish to maintain prices permanently at a level which will return an adequate income to producers. In their draft code, the packers agree to permit indirect control of hog production through restriction of corn acreage, if that can be worked out, but with unconscionable arrogance, they reserve to themselves the right to forbid all other forms of production restriction. The packers likewise take to themselves the sole privilege of fixing prices, both to the producer and to the consumer. Producers, acting through committees, are given certain vague, value-

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less rights of consultation. On behalf of the consumer, the Secretary of Agriculture receives general powers of review and veto. However, the final, fatal objection to the draft code is that it fails to permit to the Secretary of Agriculture access to the packers' books. Without such access, it is going to be manifestly impossible for the government to exercise any sort of intelligent, effective supervision over prices to the consumer. This question of access to the packers' books is crucial. There exists a well founded suspicion that there is not now, nor has been for years, any genuine overproduction of meat in the United States. Even in supposedly prosperous times, millions of people refrain from buying beef, mutton and pork, not because they do not want meat, but because prices are kept at artificially high levels by the maneuvers of packers. The A.A.A. should not accept any code which does not allow it to enforce the same sort of accounting and publicity upon the packers which the Interstate Commerce Commission, for example, now prescribes for the railroads.

It is conceivable that the Chicago packers, and all other great vested interests, will some day regret the controversy which has now arisen over the packers' code. In its recent purchase of sows and pigs, the A.A.A., in partnership with Mr. Hopkins, was forcing by direct governmental intervention the distribution of goods which could not, under the profit system, be sold, into the hands of those who, also under the profit system, could not buy them. Sometime this winter, the Surplus Relief Corporation may very well supply clothes to destitute hog raisers, and the economic circle will be completed. You will then have had, wholly outside the profit system, the circulation of goods. To an unemployed man or woman, with plenty of time to think, this ought to furnish an instructive object lesson, and ought to raise the question of what exact advantage, anyway, is the profit system, at least for the basic necessities of life.

Single Men Are Hoboes

THE Federal Emergency Relief Administration has recently addressed a bulletin to relief authorities in the various states stressing the desirability of a single program for the care both of local homeless persons and wandering transients. This recommendation, unfortunately, is equivalent to an endorsement of discriminatory standards of relief for local residents on the basis of their marital status. It means that solitary widowers, divorced men and unattached bachelors will continue to receive relief on a level of decency and adequacy far below that allowed to married men. More specifically it means that single residents with valid claims upon the community will be refused relief unless they are willing to accept admittance to one of the vast congregate shelters which now dot the meaner streets of our cities.

The recommendation of the Federal Emergency Relief Administration was inspired by the selfsame reasoning that has given rise to this unjustifiable discrimination. The bulletin points out that this single program for the care of both groups "is desirable from the point of view of economical administration." Cheap mass treatment thus again wins out. "Congregate shelters" for destitute transient men have existed in the chief labor markets of the country for many years. The guiding principle of most of them has been that if the accommodations are very poor the beneficiaries will be stimulated to move along and find a job. In well organized communities, bona-fide residents were formerly never asked to enter these vast barracks. They were entitled to home relief and could continue to occupy inexpensive lodgings of the type they had ordinarily maintained for themselves.

The deepening of the depression gradually brought increasing numbers of local single men to the relief offices. The congregate shelters afforded the easiest and cheapest method of care. No one paused to consider that accommodations which might be tolerated for a day and a night by migrant workmen were certain to be demoralizing to local residents who would have to endure them for many consecutive months. The new shelters opened to keep pace with the mounting demand followed the old pattern of regimentation—up at 5:30, breakfast at 6:00, out on the street at 7:00, back at 4:00 P. M. to check in, supper at 4:30, bed at 9:00. Married men have not been forced to accept any such regime. They are aided in their homes and are free to order their own lives. But the single men are offered no option. They can either take it or leave it.

Congress conferred ample power upon the Federal Emergency Relief Administrator and these powers should now be promptly exercised to prevent further discriminatory treatment whether on the basis of marital status or other cause. Single residents are entitled to receive a type of public assistance not inferior to that provided for local families. The Federal Emergency Relief Administration should see that they get it.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Roosevelt Confronts Capitalism

AFTER four months of the N.R.A., it was to be hoped that there would begin to appear some order in the recovery picture. Near the center of that order, one hoped that there would be a brain. A collective brain, of course—no one man's mind could possibly remember all the details and put them together. But I fully expected to find in Washington the beginnings of a New Deal version of the Gosplan. If one wanted to discover what was being accomplished, the first thing to do was obviously to find that agency and get its report.

One imagined, for instance, a room with charts covering the walls. This would be the sensory center of the New Deal brain. One set of charts would show what was happening to employment, pay rolls and production. Another would reflect prices, wholesale and retail, farm prices and factory prices, the cost of living. There would be charts of bank credit, of money in circulation, of new capital issues and public expenditures on durable goods. Trade, domestic and foreign, would have its indexes. So would transportation. These large aggregates might be broken down by industries, or by stages in the productive process. There might even be indexes of purchasing power of farmers and wage earners. And some ingenious soul might have discovered a way to put all these things together in a control chart extended into the future, which would show what goal was expected by, say, July, 1934.

The brain would also have a reflective or reasoning center. This would be a more difficult matter than the mere recording of information, but only such an over-all planning body could make good use of the information. The reasoners would observe what the recorders were recording. They would decide what success in the whole effort really would mean, if set down in figures. Or they might adopt several criteria of progress, to be applied in parallel fashion. Volume of employment would probably be fundamental. So would wage earners' and farmers' real incomes. Volume of production would be close to the heart of things. With such immediate tests, the planners could discuss intelligently whether the economic facts and relationships pictured in the charts were such as to forward the aims set. What, for instance, would be the result of the existing spread between farm and factory prices, between wages and retail prices, between current income and debt charges? How could sufficient stimulation of heavy industries arise? There would be many disagreements about these matters. But they could be discussed in a connected way and recommendations for action could be made, even if all concerned did not agree. The recommended action, if taken, could be treated as a hypothesis, and if it did not work a new recommendation could be tried.

The first and most amazing discovery to be made in Washington is that there is literally no central planning body. Diligent inquiry among many of those who would be expected to know, would indeed have to know if such a body were to mean anything, brought the same reply. There is no room or set of rooms where you can go and see charts assembled which include all the important sets of facts. Many of these facts exist in separate departments and agencies. The statistical bureaus of the Labor Department, of the Department of Commerce, of the Federal Reserve Board, of the Department of Agriculture, are now under as capable heads as one could ask. There is a Central Statistical Board, with representatives from all the important informational agencies, which attempts to coördinate their activities and to see that the widest holes in the information are plugged. But, so far at any rate, it is merely a coördinating committee; the approved phrase is that it is "neither a producer nor a consumer of statistics." Nor has it gathered the statistics together for the use of those who ought to be consumers of them.

If even the sensory part of the brain is lacking, the thinking part naturally cannot exist. Little is heard any more about the "Brain Trust"—always a picturesque fiction. What there ever was of trustification in brains has now succumbed to the free competition of ideas. Washington is swarming with people, official and otherwise, who have their own views about how things are going. It is full of separate projects for action. Able persons discuss these matters around luncheon and dinner tables, at chance meetings. Ideas and projects of all kinds—good, bad and indifferent—go up to the President; he asks advice and takes what action seems right to him at the moment. As a consumer of facts and brains, however, he is like a housewife in a great department store, without an expert testing bureau. He is not afraid to try new ideas—which is good so far as it goes—and he is a remarkably shrewd and resourceful buyer; he is not cheated so often as some customers would be. The fact remains that individuals are thinking as individuals, and most of them are thinking so hard about the small problems for which they are directly responsible that they have little time to think about the big ones.

Mr. Roosevelt has done a lot of reforestation in our governmental landscape; many are tending the new saplings; but it is nobody's business to look at the woods. Except his. But no one man can do it.

What is the reason for this strange omission? Many of Mr. Roosevelt's trusted advisers have favored, and still favor, central national planning. He has spoken of it himself, and has embarked on

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the sort of program in which the logic of the effort leads straight toward it. Perhaps the lack is due to the circumstance that most of the men who might do the job are overworked with detail. Perhaps it is due to Mr. Roosevelt's own volatile temperament. But there is a more basic obstacle. People distrust any mobilization of knowledge and of analysis. They distrust the power which might grow from it. Active, executive arms of the New Deal fear those to whom thinking might be delegated. The closer the executives are to business interests, the more they distrust anything which does not smack of the "practical"—that is, of action without reflection, of day-to-day adjustments among interests, not related to general principles. Business itself, one infers, would make any planning board a center of attack; indeed it acts instinctively to prevent any from being created. There lurks behind the scene a fundamental conflict of purposes.

But how about the more detailed planning? How about the codes that are to bring order and prosperity to specific industries? The labor provisions, for which the President has fought so hard and in general so well (he has come head on into collision with the biggest business interests in the country during this fight: automobiles, coal, steel), these provisions are merely social legislation, which might conceivably have been achieved by the passage of regulatory laws. Maximum hours, minimum wages, the right to organize and bargain collectively, are important, but they will not be of much value in the long run unless industry produces increased quantities of goods and offers much more employment.

With some few exceptions, the codes are, outside the labor clauses, not worth the paper they are written on, except to business interests which expect to make profits by old-fashioned monopoly practices —restriction of output and increase of prices. The codes were formulated by trade associations, ratified by them, and are expected to be administered and policed chiefly by them. Trade associations are merely associations of business men in search of profit. When given freedom to act, such associations often turn to monopoly. It is true that the wrong kind of competition is socially wasteful. It is also true that unregulated private monopoly is the best means ever devised of concentrating wealth in a small section of the population, restricting the advance of general welfare and upsetting the total economy.

In the first fifteen or twenty codes signed under the N.R.A., there are precedents for almost every conceivable kind of quasi-monopoly practice which is injurious to the consumer. And, given authority to do the things permitted in the codes, associations of business men are almost sure to find ways of doing anything else they want to do. It is impossible to police activities of this kind, as the Department of Justice discovered in the case of the far more carefully restricted codes previously formulated under the Federal Trade Commission.

There are provisions for publication of scheduled future prices, which will facilitate pressure to live up to tacit monopolistic understandings; there are provisions forbidding selling below cost, without definition of that vague word "cost," or with an anti-social definition; there are provisions for resale price maintenance without any public check on the price to be maintained; there are provisions for allocation of production which will have the effect of writing into the price the costs of the least efficient concerns, and of encouraging unwarranted new construction and increasing the industry's overhead charges; there are provisions for standard contract forms which must be used by small buyers but will be evaded by large buyers; there are provisions for restricting the installation of new plant and machinery, which, if not carefully applied in the general interest, will have the result of reducing the total quantity of products on which a rising standard of living must depend, of preventing increase in efficiency and of delaying recovery of the industries making capital goods, in which a large part of unemployment is concentrated. These are but a sample.

But, say the business men, how can we have recovery unless we have profits? And how can the higher wages and the shorter hours be maintained unless higher prices are charged to consumers? Indeed, there seems to have been an understanding that in return for the gains granted labor, business would be accorded the privilege of boosting prices. It is necessary that there be profits if business is to expand under capitalism. But if the profits are sought by taking away from the worker in prices everything he wins in wages, or more, we shall have stabilized poverty. There are a few simple principles which it seems impossible for most business men to learn:

1. Recovery necessitates a much larger volume of total production, not a smaller one.
2. Production cannot grow if consumers do not have a growing purchasing power.
3. Consumers cannot have a growing purchasing power unless their incomes increase faster than prices, or prices fall while incomes remain stationary.
4. Large volume of output at low prices may be just as profitable as small volume at high.
5. There is a virtually unlimited demand for consumers' goods in general, provided consumers are able to buy them. Hence all industries cannot be "overequipped."
6. Increases in efficiency will not result in permanently increased unemployment or in "overproduction," *provided* the gains of efficiency are promptly passed on in higher wages and lower prices.

Certain individual industries do produce too much—for the present, at any rate—do need higher prices, or are overequipped. But it is not safe to let profit-seeking producers decide when to restrict production and what prices to set.

It was to be expected that most business men would not act in accordance with these principles,

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if given their way. "Nobody knows less about how an industry ought to be run," said one of the ablest code executives in Washington, "than a business man in it." But how did it happen that this disastrous policy was allowed by the administration? There are various answers.

General Johnson, though sincere and energetic, is naïve. Most of the deputy administrators are business men. The theory was that this was to be "self-government of industry"—and industry means, to most of those who use this phrase, the bosses of industry. The theory was also that the coöperation of business must be elicited—business must not be browbeaten. Abetting this theory was another—that any legal test of the constitutionality of the law must be avoided as long as possible. As a result, the government hesitated to put things in the codes that business would dislike. It has since hesitated to prosecute violators, and in consequence violations, particularly of the labor sections, are growing like weeds. Beginning with the unchallenged recalcitrance of Henry Ford, capitalism is taking courage by the hour to override the mild intentions of the government. As it does so, the government retreats and becomes more mild.

There is in the Recovery Administration a Consumers' Board. The Administration pays little attention to it. It has no organized pressure groups behind it, like labor and "industry." It cannot even stir up much public support, for its releases are sometimes suppressed by the publicity department under the able Charles Michelson, presumably on the theory that what it says might arouse the antagonism of business. It contains experts who have competence and devotion, and it is doing the best it can—which, to date, isn't much.

Another reason of importance was the haste to get codes through. The trade associations knew precisely what they wanted. The government did not know what it wanted. There were not enough experts on the side of the public, well versed in the differing problems of the many industries and with a program to deal with them. The trade associations' programs therefore were adopted without sufficient examination. Haste also caused overwork and fatigue on the part of government representatives. They did not have time to think. Their morale was worn down by exhausting efforts to compromise and "coöperate." Under this strain, supposedly intelligent and trustworthy men have suffered strange lapses. They have withered under fire. A six-hour day and a five-day week are sorely needed among government executives. Even a ten-hour day and a six-day week would help.

It is possible to speak with confidence about these mistakes, because there are cases where a contrary policy has brought better results. Almost the only code under the N.R.A. which approaches desirability is that for the petroleum industry. It happened that two young graduates of the Yale Law School had for some years been devoting intensive study to the problems of that industry. Before the Recovery Act was passed, they had worked out a careful program and prepared a bill for regulating petroleum, which Secretary Ickes sponsored. There were expertness and initiative on the side of the administration. The main features of the bill were incorporated in the draft code. When the oil industry split in its discussion, it was not necessary to work out a long compromise which embodied the worst features of all suggestions. The President was ready with a code to impose, and the industry perforce accepted it. The experts, under Secretary Ickes, were put in charge of the petroleum administration. In this case production can be either restricted or *increased*. Maximum prices can be set, as well as minimum. These things are to be done, not by business, but by government. It will be an immensely difficult job to administer this industry successfully. But at least there is as much chance of success as any system of regulation can offer.

The Agricultural Adjustment Administration has not been in a hurry to sign codes in the industries which are under its jurisdiction. Every code submitted by the packers, by the tobacco manufacturers and by the sugar industry—three of the most hoggish groups in the United States—has been found, after careful examination, unfair to the consumer. There is a strong chance that in one if not in all these industries codes will be written and imposed by the administration, licensing systems will be installed, violators will promptly be prosecuted and tests of constitutionality welcomed.

It would be wise now to suspend all price-fixing and output-restricting clauses of most of the N.R.A. codes and begin all over again, industry by industry, to find what kind of organization is necessary and how the consumer can be safeguarded. In the meantime competition should be required to set prices for a while, in default of anything better. For it certainly is not better to let monopoly set prices, while the public still has no adequate knowledge even of costs and profits, and cannot get it without years of work in building the necessary supervisory machinery.

The President must decide soon whether to fight or to "coöperate." If he backs up his lieutenants in agriculture he will have to fight. If he listens to the consumer experts in the N.R.A. he will have to fight. If he does not fight, the New Deal will contain the old marked cards.

When Mr. Roosevelt first spoke of himself as a quarterback calling the signals in a football game, he thought of his opponents as abstractions—unemployment, depression and the like. Now these cloudy figures are beginning to assume features. They are Henry Ford, the steel magnates, the packers. The team he is opposing is really old-fashioned capitalism. Will he recognize it in time? Will he adopt a plan of campaign? Very likely he cannot win a game like that. But the New Deal at least would aid clarity in American minds if it could make clear what the game is about, and who is on what side.

GEORGE SOULE.

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Utopia—Tennessee Valley Style

ONE OF the most hopeful acts of the Roosevelt administration, last spring, was the setting up of the Tennessee Valley Authority. It was designed consciously to be the first large-scale experiment in economic and social planning ever undertaken outside Soviet Russia. It was expected to produce, as rapidly as possible, a sort of baby Gosplan which later, perhaps, might serve as a model for the nation. However, it is now becoming apparent that Dr. Arthur E. Morgan, former president of Antioch College and the person selected to head the Tennessee Valley Authority, has an inadequate idea of the nature of real planning. Not only this, but Dr. Morgan is attempting to foist on the Authority policies which, if adhered to, would jeopardize all serious attempts at planning.

The Authority, as a body, has so far announced no planning policy of any kind. However, Dr. Morgan, in a number of speeches, notably in a radio broadcast a short time ago in Washington, has indicated clearly enough what he thinks its program ought to be. It should, in his opinion, be based exclusively upon the Valley's present inhabitants. In the war and post-war years, several hundred thousand of the Valley's people left their parental homesteads to work in mill towns. With the depression, they were flung out of their jobs, and have now drifted back to practise subsistence farming on the Virginia and Tennessee hillsides. Parenthetically, it should be pointed out that the Tennessee Valley Authority, partly because of delays in setting in motion the Cove Creek Dam project, has so far failed to furnish the emergency employment which was expected of it.

Dr. Morgan's social program for the Tennessee Valley Authority is built immediately around this group. Partly as a measure of flood control, he wishes to withdraw all submarginal and marginal land in the Valley from agricultural use. If need be, this land will be bought up directly by the Authority. Through the various federal farm-credit agencies, the hillside farmers thus dispossessed are to be aided in purchasing small holdings in the fertile river bottoms. These holdings will average about five acres apiece. They are to be sufficient to enable families to grow abundant food for themselves—whatever economic vicissitudes overtake the nation—but not large enough to permit them to produce for the commercial market, and to add to the country's already huge agricultural surplus.

Having thus provided his people with food, Dr. Morgan must house them and furnish them with clothing and the household equipment necessary for a minimum standard of life. Houses, under his program, are to be built of local materials, employing neighborhood labor. In each locality, one man is to be trained as a carpenter, another as a mason, electrician or whatever, and local coöperative labor exchanges are to be created. With the establishment of a class of skilled artisans in the Valley, many articles of clothing and household equipment now commonly bought in shops will be manufactured at home.

Nevertheless, Dr. Morgan recognizes that there will be a considerable group of articles which the Valley inhabitants will wish to import from "abroad." The Valley will have, from Muscle Shoals and Cove Creek, the cheapest hydro-electric power in the world. But Dr. Morgan does not want to see the building up of mass industry, the products of which could pay for the "imports" the Valley inhabitants want. Mass production, he believes, has increased to a point where the balance between production and consumption is unstable, and where industrial workers cannot count on security for their jobs. Dr. Morgan therefore advocates the setting up of small, highly specialized coöperative industries in each locality—fine textiles, fine furniture and scientific instruments are those he has suggested—which will have a small steady demand, and which will not offer competition to industry in other parts of the country. In good times, these Valley industries will furnish a favorable balance of trade with the outside world; in stormy economic weather, because of their low capitalization, they will survive when great industries crash.

In a recent publicity statement, Dr. Morgan said: "He [the Valley inhabitant] can be the individualist of American industrial life. With artistic and scientific guidance, he can make the goods which America needs to take the curse off its mass-production civilization." And again: "It is the business of the Tennessee Valley Authority to try to preserve the best in the culture of the region, encouraging it to develop according to its own genius, and to save it from the exploitation of the mass production that is in search of cheap labor. Mass production will have a place in the design, but it should be servant, not master."

It is submitted that this is so much romantic mush. Of recent years, large-scale industry, and particularly the textile industry, has been moving into the Tennessee Valley at a steadily quickening rate. The Tennessee Valley Authority plans shortly to put into operation the Muscle Shoals power plant, and push to completion the Cove Creek power project. Does Dr. Morgan suppose that this won't tend to attract still other industries? In that case, what will be the effect of Dr. Morgan's program of training the Valley inhabitants to be

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virtually self-subsisting? In practice, it will simply enable the Valley inhabitants to work for pin-money wages, or more accurately gasoline and movie-ticket wages, or as nearly as the Blue Eagle permits, and to scab on the rest of America.

The sole barrier which Dr. Morgan has proposed against this is his suggested system of highly specialized, and small coöperative industries. He says in effect: "In each locality my people will have their communally owned enterprise. They will be able to work at that, thumb their noses at capitalist employers and remain free and independent." However, past experience indicates that such ventures, at least in America, need skill amounting to genius in their management, and at best achieve only narrow markets and pay only modest wages. That such semi-precious small industries could offer the Valley inhabitants a real alternative of employment to mass industry is ludicrous. Nor could they solve the problem of what to do with cheap labor which may be expected to be drawn into the Valley from outside, especially from Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia.

It is not unfair, in the opinion of this correspondent, to predict that the net result of Dr. Morgan's five-acre farms, his neighborhood labor exchanges and communal enterprises would be simply to make it possible for labor-gouging employers—under the most hygienic and high-toned conditions—to work the bulk of the Valley's inhabitants at scandalously low wages.

Dr. Morgan and his associates ought to drop, at once, their fantasy of an independent, sovereign Tennessee Valley. As they must admit, they cannot cut off the Valley from the rest of the country, put up tariff walls and forbid immigration. Nor would it be desirable if they could. The Valley must necessarily be developed as one interlocking economic unit in the organization of the whole United States. The primary question which faces Dr. Morgan is to decide what function, in the national economy, the Tennessee Valley ought to fulfill. Since there exists, as yet, no general control plan for the nation, Dr. Morgan and his associates will have to proceed partly by shrewd guesswork. There are certain broad conclusions, however, which seem inescapable. One is that the Tennessee Valley, with its water power and bituminous coal, is one of the great sources of power in America. Dr. Morgan is proposing to use this power merely to maintain the Valley inhabitants at about subsistence level. If, instead, this power is to be utilized for the highest possible standard of life for all of us, the Valley will have to become the site of mass-production industries. No industry, of course, should be permitted to move into the Valley unless, and until, it seems probable its products are desired by the nation.

The second basic question Dr. Morgan must determine is how it is desirable that the income from the Valley's production should be divided. Until this question is settled, there is no way of knowing what standard of living the workers in the Valley can support, and no way to plan for housing, for medical, educational and recreational facilities and many other things. If, through some kind of public control or ownership, the greater part of the Valley's income can be distributed to the mass of inhabitants, it will be practicable to plan for a high standard of life. Conversely, if most of the common income of the Valley is to go to owners and bondholders, and thence into investments elsewhere, a low standard will be inevitable.

Once a decision has been taken on how the natural and human resources of the Valley can be most completely and efficiently utilized for the benefit of the country as a whole, and once it has been forecast what share of the Valley's production the workers are to receive back as income, Dr. Morgan and his associates can proceed with their five-acre farms, henyards and pigs. The encouragement of small craft industries, the training of neighborhood mechanics and tinkers and revival of the traditional Valley dances and songs, another of Dr. Morgan's pet objectives, are probably all excellent things. But they are essentially frills and trimming.

The Tennessee Valley Authority, under the law, possesses considerable powers with which to carry out serious planning. To begin with, it has a fund of $50 million. There is nothing to prevent Dr. Morgan from hiring everyone in America familiar with planning, giving them plenty of technical assistance and commencing a headlong assault upon the many formidable, basic problems of planning in a developed industrial society. At present, there is no one on the Authority's staff who is being permitted to devote his or her full time to fundamental planning theory. For immediate purposes, the Authority might well rush through a tentative zoning program for the Valley, so that in the interval, while permanent policies were being formulated, no egregious mistakes in the location of industrial sites, transportation lines and so on, would be committed. The Authority has no direct power to force a zoning plan upon private interests in the Valley; it does have, however, the right to condemn and purchase whatever land it pleases. There is nothing to prevent it from buying up all possible industrial sites, laying them out according to strict engineering efficiency and adopting a schedule for their release for development.

The Authority likewise is in a position to make an immediate preliminary attack upon the vital problem of the division of the Valley's income. It is empowered by law to own and operate any sort of commercial enterprise whatever; the power plants at Muscle Shoals and Cove Creek and the nitrogen and fertilizer plants at Muscle Shoals will be examples of straight government ownership and operation. In both Washington and the Valley, there is considerable sentiment in favor of the

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Authority's taking over and operating the Valley's coal mines. Some young enthusiasts on the Authority's staff are extremely eager to have it purchase and operate at least one basic Valley industry in order to set up, forthwith, practical standards of workers' representation, wages and conditions.

It is a graceless task to criticize adversely the Tennessee Valley Authority. In setting power rates at less than half those elsewhere in the country, it has struck a mighty blow at the American power-trust racket. The work of Mr. David E. Lilienthal, who is directly in charge of power questions, is beyond praise. It is impossible, too, not to regard Dr. Morgan with sympathy. His devotion to the Valley folk is celebrated, and his personal sincerity cannot be questioned. On his appointment as chairman of the Authority, Dr. Morgan filed with Secretary of State Hull an inventory of all property possessed by himself and his family, and announced he intended to submit a similar statement upon his resignation, thus setting up a test of public honesty which few officials, including most of our Presidents, would care to meet. It must be kept in mind that Dr. Morgan politically is in a tough spot. The Authority already has incurred the bitter wrath of the power companies, and if it were to announce planning policies which evoked too great hostility from other private interests, it is at least possible its infant career might come to an abrupt end. However, none of this can excuse Dr. Morgan's recent speeches. Family gardens, home dress-making and community singing are the sort of things regularly urged upon rebellious workers by open-shop employers, and it does not help to have them dressed up by someone of Dr. Morgan's prestige as individualism, independence and "the Valley way of life." It is not altogether unlikely that events within the next six months may force the Roosevelt administration to consider planning for the nation. That the one planning body so far established by the government should meantime be representing planning as a Davy-Crockett-coonskin-cap retreat from life seems a great shame.

JONATHAN MITCHELL.

Commuter

THE WATER tower is 208 feet high and has a capacity of 1,041,266 gallons. From the cat-walk around its top one can see all of Homewood—an exclusive residential suburb forty-six minutes by rail from the big city—spread out like a real-estate map. Near by, the Elizabethan, Norman, Colonial and Sears Roebuck houses of Wilton Park gleam in the pale dawn; westward the shingled battalions of Linden Avenue stand separated by one-car garages and tiny emerald lawns; south of the railroad tracks those dirty lumps of sugar, spilled all in rows out of the same box, are Maple Street.

When the eastern sky is the color of strawberry ice cream the milkman clinks his bottles on the stoops of sleeping Homewood. When the sky is the color of orange juice, alarm clocks begin to go off on Maple Street, and the cold bare feet of housewives slap on the floor. Then windows shut, doors open, dogs trot out, the tabloids and the milk come in. Wilton Park sleeps late, and reads The Times. On Linden Avenue the houses are so much alike that a week ago Saturday William B. Johnson (No. 35; Ford, and three children) unwittingly entered the house and slept in the bed of John B. Williams (No. 37; Ford, three children and fifty shares of Cities Service).

Three miles away, at the end of the line, a yawning train hand walks down the aisles of the empty nine-car train, slamming as he goes the wicker seats so that they face the city.

Seven-thirty. Maple Street is hurrying toward the station with the tabloid under its arm folded back at the sporting page; Linden Avenue is dripping coffee onto the staircase graph of the stock market; Wilton Park is soothing its more prosperous jaws with talcum powder and bay rum. A thousand pairs of eyes glance up at a thousand clocks, look down again at the bacon and the headlines. Hurry, hurry. "This toast is burned, dear—I'm so sorry, dear, shall I make some more?—No, it's too late now, dear—where's my hat—?" Hurry, hurry. "Say bye-bye to Daddy like a good boy."

Eight o'clock. All Homewood is within ten minutes of the station, yet most of the commuters are unwilling to use their legs except for golf. The space in front of the station is crowded with cars. The red-faced cop, on duty for one hour in the morning, shoos the sedans toward the station with officious gestures. Last words, short from long habit of daily parting—"No, I don't know what train I'll take back—Remember to get to Macy's if you have time—you'd better have the oil changed—Meet the 5:17 with my golf clubs—Au reservoir; make lots of money for me and the kiddies—" Wives, their morning faces stern behind windshield glass, grind gears and return home. Husbands clutch newspapers and briefcases and walk down the stairs to the platform. A pair of rails, scantily grassed banks, ads on billboards. The wise ones wander up toward the front where there will be more empty seats. The average commuters know it doesn't matter, and try to open their newspapers without losing them in the wind.

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A distant whistle. Necks turn, feet edge away from the third rail. The dull red cars of the electric silently slide up and stop, slowly suck in the commuters, jolt slightly and slide away. The commuters sway singly down the lurching aisles, pick one by one their window, slump down and open the paper. When you live as far out as this you can always get a seat next the window. A few foursomes take out cards, shuffle and deal; a few couples stare into space and mutter about holes in par or mortgages; the other hundred and eighty sit by the window and hide behind yesterday's news while small thoughts of home buzz feebly in their heads. The lawn should have been mowed. . . . Did I leave a check for the tailor? . . . Junior looks silly in short pants. . . . More oil for the furnace. . . . Tomorrow I must get up early and trim the hedge. . . .

Punch, punch, the conductor comes down the aisle, making a hole in each of the long red cards. The train stops. Bayville gets on. More briefcases and newspapers and half-eaten breakfasts. In Bayville, too, the houses stand shoulder to shoulder in long shingled lines. Punch. Punch. A glimpse of blue ocean between gas tanks, of seagulls flying above an auto graveyard. The naked barracks of Soundside, at $5,990 down. . . . The Yanks won yesterday. Motors down half a point. There isn't time to do a whole crossword puzzle. Punch. Punch. Stop. Lynville gets on and scrambles for the empty seats. . . . That girl with the full lips. She always gets on here. I've seen her before. She never reads anything, just sits and stares out of the window and looks at her red fingernails and stares out of the window again, at the boulevards, that now converge with their load of crawling, honking cars, at the treeless brick regiments of Fairview (only $6,295), at the desolate naked splendors of the dumps, where eternal ashes smoke and eternal waste paper blows in the wind. Punch, punch; stop.

A tangle of bridges, overhead wires, insulators, switches, trusses, billboards, a dead factory with broken windows. And here, or somewhere between here and Flushing, is the watershed in the commuter's thoughts, where Homewood and its hedges and children and leaky plumbing fade out of his mind, where the city and the day's work ahead of him invade it—Will the Big Boy blow me up again today? . . . Is there anything in that rumor of another cut? . . . I wonder how sick Baker is and what's the chances of my getting his job. . . .

All at once, the giant skyline, the whittled stony fingers pointing up at the sky, come into sight, for a moment only, then the train dives with a roar into the tunnel, and the commuters open their jaws to ease the sudden pressure against eardrums.

There are later trains from Homewood. The 8:50, for partners, executives and men who own their own business. The 9:33, sprinkled with women all set for a day's shopping. The 10:06, on which may be found, biting his nails in the smoker, the unemployed bookkeeper who knows it's no use trying to crash the big offices until mail has been opened, read and answered. The 11:03, where sits, with her small feet propped on the opposite seat, the wife who is sneaking in to town to spend the afternoon with Tarzan and candy in the cool cavern of the film cathedral.

The drones have gone. Homewood belongs to the queens. Cars line the curb of the business block. The A. & P. hums. The butcher says he can't serve everyone at once. That same cut we had Saturday, Mr. Glintz. What kind of beer have you got? I seem to have left my purse at home. . . . Dogs and children rule the streets, and from the city trickles back a small invasion, against the mighty daily current; the refrigerator salesman who does better when no husbands are around; the bright young man who has been going to college on magazine subscriptions for the last seven years; the representatives of stainless egg-beaters, unbreakable broom handles and ten-volume histories of the mistresses of the Kings of France. . . .

In a thousand manless five, eight and nine-room homes lunch steams in plates, bibs are tied under small chins. On a calm day you can almost hear the scraping of all those spoons against all those plates. After lunch—naps, boredom, magazines in hammocks, perhaps a little bridge. Mother and the kids pile into the Chevrolet and pile out again at the beach, on which the invisible distant city has signed its name in a fringe of orange peel, barrel staves and old tin cans. Homewood longs for the ocean, pushes toward the country; Homewood's concrete roads and even-spaced doll's houses bite into what once were forests, stop dead against the wire fences of old family estates. Neither city nor country. The trees of Homewood grow out of asphalt, the blood of Homewood ebbs and flows to the city in a changeless double pulse.

Four o'clock. And now, one by one, soon two by two, the great train-borne current turns home again. Punch, punch. The insurance man with a sore throat, the credit manager who has gone golf mad, the free-lance ad man who must plant those hemlocks before dark. And now in the city eyes are looking at the clock, and trainmen turn back the wicker seats of the nine-car trains. The current flows, then pours. Crowds and parcels and sweat and evening papers, and women standing in the aisles as the commuters hinge their jaws to relieve the tunnel's pressure on their eardrums. The switches and the viaduct and the dumps, and the barracks and ant hills and spilled lump sugar of other Homewoods.

Punch, punch. Stop to let off at Soundside. How did the market close? Did the Babe hit one? Why don't they run more trains? Punch, punch, stop. The dim car lights go on, and sleeping heads lurch and wake up around the curves. Next station Homewood! The car in the parking space, the evening cop for his brief hour of importance, the cracked concrete and the slender trees, the frantic rush of kids. "Don't, children, your father's tired.

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Did you have time to get the percolator? Has it been hot out here? No, there's nothing new—" Old shoes. Coat off. Tie off. The sprinkler begins to revolve inexorably. The trowel. The mowing of the hedge. The new rosebush. Or just the porch and the paper. A thousand lawns, ten yards by five. The slow stream of cars, of pedestrians, silent, tired, evening papers under their arms. A thousand lawns, a thousand sprinklers, a thousand hedges. Supper now for a thousand. . . . Gee, I'm hungry. "Well, it doesn't seem to have been a very interesting day at the office." "There's nothing much to tell. What did *you* do?" "Oh, just the usual." "Gee, I'm tired. I'm going to hit the hay soon." Last slanting rays of Homewood sun, finest residential exclusive sun, within forty-seven minutes of the city. The gradual ceasing of sprinklers. Shirtsleeves of neighbors, neighbors' cigars gleaming in the dusk. Radios dying one by one. The long whistling for a wandered dog. The square yellow eyes of evening Homewood, closing one by one. The moon gleams on the water tower from which 15,850 gallons are flowing into Homewood baths. In the switchyard squads of Polish women with blue handkerchiefs about their heads are cleaning the nine-car trains. Dead matches, papers, papers, here and there a purse.

The moon looks down upon Homewood. Homewood shoes drop onto the floor. The moon rises and Homewood sleeps. The moon pales, the moon sinks behind the water tower, and there begins, far down on Maple Street, the discreet clink of milk bottles on the stoop. Soon alarm clocks will begin to go off, and the folded papers will be thrown onto the lawns, and coffee will scent the air, and the trainmen at the end of the line will hurl all the wicker seats back so that they face New York.

ROBERT LITTELL.

Utah and the N. R. A.

THE QUESTION whether or not a radical organization can function under the N.R.A. has received an answer in at least one state, Utah, where a strike of 1,500 coal miners in Carbon County was smashed by armed force. Two hundred and fourteen striking miners have been thrown into a bull pen and seventy-seven miners are awaiting trial for rioting and criminal syndicalism in the first trial on those charges in the history of Utah.

Last May organizers of the National Miners' Union entered Carbon County, Utah's largest coal district, where 5,000 miners intermittently dig coal. So successful were they that within a month or two 1,500 miners had been organized, despite the fact that the United Mine Workers already had an organization in that field.

In the face of this "Red" invasion a law was passed on July 28 by the Democratic House and Republican Senate under the title of "Industrial Recovery—Code of Fair Competition" defining the operation of the N.R.A. in Utah. This law contains a clause which says in effect that unions must have had "a recognized national existence for a period of ten years" in order to enjoy the advantages of collective bargaining. The Governor is empowered to ignore other unions. Prominent in the effort to pass this law were conservative trade-union leaders. It hits the National Miners' Union specifically, since this union is not ten years old.

In May the N.M.U. presented a set of demands. It asked for recognition of committees representing all the miners in the mine; checkweighmen elected and paid for by the miners; cash pay instead of scrip; regular pay days twice a month; pay for dead work in the mine; right of the miners to live in other than company shacks; reduction of rent 25 percent; time and a half for overtime work. These demands were ignored and the N.M.U. went out on strike.

The picket lines of the strikers, consisting of about 700 men and women, were immediately smashed by 400 deputies using tear-gas bombs and rifles on August 27. Two hundred and ten strikers were arrested and imprisoned in a stockade. Martial law was declared, homes were broken into, women routed from their beds and beaten in a search for strikers. The climax came on September 11, when 600 strikers who had met to petition the authorities in Price, Utah, to free the imprisoned strikers were attacked with gas bombs, clubbed with rifles and driven out of the town. Among the victims were women and children. Several persons had to be taken to the hospital.

A committee from Salt Lake City which investigated miners' conditions and law violations in Carbon County found that county miners were not allowed checkweighmen, in clear violation of the laws of Utah. The miners stated that they were being cheated out of fully half the coal they mined, and that they did not average more than twenty-five cents a ton, although they are supposed to receive forty-five cents. Single miners were being charged $40 to $55 per month for room and board. Men were working on an average of only four months a year, and in consequence more than half of them had to supplement their mine work with county relief work, for which they were paid only in provisions. The poverty and privation existing among the miners' families were indescribable.

The criminal-syndicalism law is being invoked to send the strike leaders, Charles Guynn, Charles Wetherbee and Paul Crouch, to prison. The law was passed in 1919, at the height of the anti-Red hysteria. It defines criminal syndicalism as the advocacy of force as a "means of accomplishing industrial or political ends or effecting industrial or political revolution." Anyone who advocates force for these ends by speech or writing, or helps to organize or becomes a member of a society or assemblage doing this, "or voluntarily assembles

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with any society or assemblage" formed to teach the use of force for industrial, political or revolutionary purposes, may be punished by one to five years' imprisonment and a fine of from $200 to $1,000.

The liberal elements of Utah feel that this case constitutes a dangerous threat to civil liberty and are holding meetings for the purpose of making it a national issue. They are equally concerned about the Utah N.R.A. law, which in effect may be used to bar radical unions or even progressive unions from the state. They feel that it is a stark violation of the national law which explicitly guarantees the workers the right to be represented by unions of their own choosing, and that it furnishes a dangerous precedent for other states.

MURRAY E. KING.

Salt Lake City.

Washington Notes

Doubts and Jitters—Plucking the Blue Eagle—Sloughs of Despond—The Indiscreet General—Scuttling a Report

THE DIFFICULTIES strewn in the path of the various branches of the Roosevelt recovery program seem to be multiplying. There are, of course, two reasons for this: first, the growing realization that some of these measures are inadequate, either as written or as administered, for the task they are supposed to perform, and second, the fact that things are now a good deal better than they were last March, and many big business men who were then scared stiff, and willing to do almost anything asked of them, are beginning to get stubborn once more. No one who is close enough to see the realities can miss the significance of the change. It is more evident, I think, in the attitude of the "corps of correspondents" than in any other group. A few weeks ago, the gentlemen of the press were almost unitedly enthusiastic about Johnson's policies and progress. Recently a wave of skepticism seems to have swept over them and the general comment is that the N.R.A. machine is "stalled" or "bogged down" or "balled up."

Here in Washington, there is wide hope—especially among those without much fundamental understanding of economic processes—that the new monetary policy of the President, which has been in the process of preparation for weeks, and may be announced almost any day now, will throw the whole recovery machine again into high gear and step us up toward the goal of the 1926 price level. The main feature of this policy, it is believed, will be a reduction of the gold content of the dollar. This, I am reliably informed, is the only form of inflation to which the President will consent at this time. It is being urged on him not only by his fiscal advisers within the administration but by some of the Wall Street men with whom he maintains contact, who insist that until there is a stabilization of the dollar at some point, the recovery cannot be put upon a sound basis and, moreover, that a reaction is certain to come.

One of the things that distinctly has not helped the general situation here is publication of rumors of a rift between the President and General Johnson. The President, it is alleged, disapproved of the General's ballyhoo and the General was resentful because once or twice people with whom he was dealing had found it possible to go over his head to the President. He was represented as determined "before long" to have a "show down" with the White House. Actually, there was no foundation for stories of this kind. There has been no rift and I do not believe there will be one. I think Mr. Johnson himself is largely responsible for the rumor. The plain truth is that the General in his hours of ease talks too freely and, what is even worse, to the wrong people.

Another cause of dissension in the N.R.A. organization itself has been the consistent way in which the Consumers' Advisory Board has been smothered and suppressed. Particularly has this been true in connection with the price-fixing, or rather profit-fixing, features of the retailers' code. Examination of the provisions of this code convinced the executives and near executives of the Consumers' Advisory Board that if ever they were to come to the rescue of the consumer, this was the time. Unless they acted quickly and effectively, it seemed clear to them that the consumer was going to be trimmed in a most thoroughgoing fashion. Hence, there was much activity in the office of the Consumers' Board and a long and thoughtful report assailing the code and presenting the reasons it should not be accepted was prepared and sent to General Johnson. That was the last heard of it. It is now among many others reposing "on General Johnson's desk," which is the final resting place, I understand, of a vast number of reports, records, memoranda, appeals and communications of all sorts.

Naturally the Consumers' Board did not care to have the report to which so much time and energy had been devoted lost in the shuffle in any such fashion as that, and its executives appealed for permission to make the report public. This was denied, and it was impressed upon them, and all other executives, that no statements must be made public by any N.R.A. deputies or commission heads without the express approval of either General Johnson or the head of the publicity department, Mr. Michelson. That, of course, effectually bottles up the Consumers' Board on this and all other subjects.

That may be sound enough policy, but it does not lessen the pain felt among the responsible heads of the Consumers' Board over the fate of their report and their inability to get their views before the public. In this case, it was particularly irritating because, tipped off in advance, the newspaper boys were eagerly awaiting a good story. Inability of the Consumers' Commission to make good on the promise was somewhat embittering, and for some days the morale in that particular section of the N.R.A. activities was decidedly low. They wondered in the Consumers' office for quite some time, what they were there for anyway. It is not at the moment exactly easy to answer the question, but they should not despair. Happy Days will come again.

T. R. B.

Washington.

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Other People's Money

Spilling the Morgan Beans—Our Busted but Sacrosanct Banks—Protecting the Widows and Little Children

THE FOLLOWING letter tells what I believe to be an amazing story about a financial transaction in the great city of Cleveland. I ought to say that this is not a pilfered letter; it forms part of a public record. It was written to the conservator of a Cleveland bank—the Union Trust Company—now hopelessly insolvent. It was written by the assistant treasurer of that bank, hence it can hardly be called the ravings of an enemy.

Dear Mr. Cox:

In our recent conversation you requested that we determine, if possible, the relative position of the Union Trust Company and J. P. Morgan and Company toward the Van Sweringen enterprises. We hand you herewith a notebook containing the statements submitted by Mr. Anzalone, assistant treasurer of the Vaness Company, an analysis of these statements in so far as possible, and an analysis of the various Union Trust Company loans.

It is our opinion that J. P. Morgan and Company and any banks who may have participated benefited at the expense of the Union Trust Company through the transfer of marketable collateral in October, 1930, in the following manner:

In October, 1929, the Union Trust Company loaned the Vaness Company $5 million, secured by collateral having a market value at that time of approximately $7,295,750. Of this total market value, approximately $6,522,500 represented local securities having a relatively limited market. At about the same time the Vaness Company borrowed substantial sums from J. P. Morgan and Company, the Midland Bank of Cleveland and, through O. P. and M. J. Van Sweringen, from the Chemical National Bank of New York. Proceeds of these loans were paid to Paine Webber and Company, where the Van Sweringens had a margin account. In the spring of 1930 all of these loans except the Union Trust loan and Midland loan were paid off. In October, 1930, when the Morgan interests advanced $39,500,000 to the Van Sweringens, collateral having a market value of $4,936,000 was taken from the Union Trust $5 million loan and deposited as collateral to the Morgan loans. In exchange the Union Trust received other marketable collateral having a value of only $538,700, and the common stock of a number of holding companies, which had no market and were junior to such an amount of indebtedness as to make their value questionable. At the same time the obligation of the Vaness Company was converted into one of O. P. and M. J. Van Sweringen, who had already guaranteed $39,500,000 of notes payable to Morgan.

Inasmuch as J. P. Morgan and Company and various New York banks had had financial dealings with the Van Sweringens over a considerable period of time, and had secured substantial profits through the building up and financing of various holding companies (such as Chesapeake Corporation, Alleghany Corporation and Van Sweringen Corporation), it seems that the obligation of these New York interests to the Van Sweringen enterprises was certainly as great, if not greater, than that of the Cleveland banks. While there may have been some excuse for the New York interests taking a prior position to the Cleveland bank loans, made for the development of the local real-estate projects, there certainly was no excuse for taking the marketable collateral from the Union Trust Company $5 million loan. There is no information in our files to indicate why the Union Trust Company permitted the New York interests to take this collateral from the $5 million loan, to which they were not entitled, nor why the Union Trust Company permitted the other banks referred to above to be paid in the spring of 1930 without having its own loan paid.

Observe the difference between two American cities—Detroit and Cleveland. Both have had bank disasters—great banks with numerous branches which have never opened since the bank holiday, banks holding hundreds of millions of deposits. In Detroit an attempt to investigate the bank disasters was quickly choked off in the middle of the testimony being given by a United States Senator who was revealing the shortcomings of the bankers. This was in order not to upset the "confidence" of the people of Detroit who were supposed by their leaders to be somewhat dumb and therefore not to be trusted with the truth about their own money. In Cleveland a committee of the Ohio state senate made a complete investigation and was assisted by a large committee of lawyers appointed by the Cleveland Bar Association. And the bar is preparing a series of proposals for legislation to correct banking abuses in Ohio. Which city is the more intelligent?

Here is what seems to me one of the choicest examples of finance I have encountered in some time. The Detroit Trust Company, now closed, had a load of mortgages. In Detroit, defaults on mortgages began well before the general depression. Later many of these mortgages in the Trust Company were in default. The Trust Company, in order to render them "liquid," issued certificates of indebtedness against a block of mortgages, and sold them to the First Detroit Company, a security affiliate owned by the same holding company which owned the Trust Company. The mortgages were deposited as collateral for the certificates of indebtedness. Then the First Detroit Company sold these certificates of indebtedness to the public. Some of them were actually sold back to the Trust Company to be sold by them to certain of their trust accounts. This incredible transaction reveals again the manner in which trust companies managing the trust accounts of widows, orphans, charitable institutions, aged and retired persons, used the opportunity to unload on them securities like this. Government bonds, seasoned industrial and railroad bonds were sold in many cases and the funds of the trust companies' wards put into real-estate bonds and the shares of companies in which directors were interested. In a West Virginia bank, in a trust fund with which I am familiar, the fund, which was at one time invested in more than $4,000 of government securities, was shifted to three preferred stocks of three companies in which the president of the trust company was a director. When settlement was made for the fund the beneficiary received about $1,000.

Are there really any Americans, any defenders of the present system, who defend practices like this? And if

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they do not, what point is there in hushing them up rather than in bringing them to light so that the proper changes may be made in the laws—changes not in the interest of Reds, who seldom have trust funds which need protection, but changes in the interest of the more fortunate beneficiaries of the capitalist system, who, in many cases, after lives of toil and savings, have been reduced to beggary by these faithless trustees? JOHN T. FLYNN.

Variegated Hits

Sailor, Beware, by Kenyon Nicholson and Charles Robinson. Lyceum Theatre, September 28, 1933.

As Thousands Cheer, by Irving Berlin and Moss Hart. Music Box Theatre, September 30, 1933.

Ah, Wilderness, by Eugene O'Neill. Guild Theatre, October 2, 1933.

ONE OF the new plays that packs them in, in this case with a combination of salt and dirt, is the "Sailor, Beware" comedy. The play opens with a conversation among the bunks, in which the lads speak of women and end by an apotheosis of Chester "Dynamite" Jones for his prowess among them at every port where there are garters. The U. S. S. "Dakota" is in port at Panama Bay for the next five days or so; a bet is made. Can the new girl, Billie "Stonewall" Jackson, at the Idle Hour Café, be won by Jones after her resistance to every known man? His buddy, in the heat of a loyal argument, bets his watch that Jones can, against twenty dollars. The whole ship is betting, and the whole café, before the plot unties. The rest of the play concerns Billie's holding out against Dynamite and with his, of course, falling at last in love. He may leave his backers in the lurch. In two months he quits the navy to take up his father's business in Toledo; he gives Billie an engagement ring. The rows that stir up lead the officer to call off all the bets and return the money. Dynamite is vanquished, and then at the last moment Billie throws herself into his arms after all. Everybody wins.

The piece is applauded by the audience, who seem to find all the money they need to rush to it. It is sometimes good comedy, sometimes merely raw and vulgar and cheap. There would be nothing served in taking it up here now except that it illustrates remarkably a point. The scene between Jones and his buddy, played well by Bruce Macfarlane and Edward Craven, where they sit on the bench wondering if Billie will come, one buddy urging on the other in order to save the watch, is excellent comedy, coming straight from within the characters and using the resources of the situation with insight and laughter. A large part of the balance of the piece is forced and rawish, much of its fun punched into it and dropping to nothing beyond the moment's guffaw. The point is that if the whole of the situation were seen with a keener love for it and an aim at its inner exploitation (just as risky, too, at that, and just as cackling and much funnier all in all), we should have a work of art, however lively and naughty, and not a scattered approach, half the play in hand and half any punch that can be got to the audience. This split interest and intention is characteristic of most of our professional theatre. Often it increases the chance for a quick going over, but oftener than not it cuts down the chance for a much more telling sum total that, with a little confidence, on its promoters' part, in the thing they are backing, would carry it a lot further.

Of the revue at the Music Box the first thing is that Mr. Albert Johnson's décor is the best thing about it. As journalistic design in the theatre, not stuffy, pseudo-grand or pretentious, but witty, rich and alive with tone and variety, we have here a great success. The show itself varies of course from number to number. Most of them turn on personages, the Hoovers, the Rockefellers, Queen Mary, King George, Gandhi, Aimee Semple McPherson, Noel Coward, Joan Crawford and so on. Numbers like that of the Hoovers leaving the White House to make way for the Roosevelts and that of the rumored engagement of the Prince of Wales (the newspapers have been speaking of the British official objection to the presentation thus of the royal family on the stage, which, obviously, is not so much the base of the objection as other implications in the skit), numbers like these two go off brilliantly. For some of the other numbers, that, for instance, of Aimee McPherson trying to persuade Gandhi to combine with her as a team for righteous income, we have an idea that in the telling sounds much better than in the execution as we get the skit itself. In this particular case Mr. Clifton Webb has not enough talent and Miss Helen Broderick has not done enough work on the details as she rattles the scene along to make any very satisfactory success of it. Mr. José Limon, supported by the Charles Weidman Dancers, added much to the occasion; the "Revolt in Cuba" was ironic, glowing and rich in the midst of the program, and a charming *pendant* to the "Easter Parade on Fifth Avenue—1883."

Miss Ethel Waters showed a definite confidence and abandon, best in her, shall we say, confidential passages. As tragedy in the "Unknown Negro Lynched by Frenzied Mob"—Miss Waters being the wife about to give the fatherless children their supper—she seemed only fluent, sappy and mawkish. Mr. Clifton Webb was given parts in too many of the numbers. His good taste and vivacious willingness are a help, but a good deal of his effort is merely flat and voiceless; and as for dancing he is only an ankle, instep dancer, the rest of the body quite dead—a well bred and light ballroom dancer if you like, though that without essential unity or total rhythm. Miss Broderick is a genuine and telling comic at her best. And Miss Marilyn Miller brought to the stage with her a good, honest resolution to be present and efficient. The best and very often the only acting of the evening was that of Mr. Leslie Adams, whose Mr. Nation in "Carry Nation" and the husband in "Goodbye Again" still shine out of last season. As he passed from one sketch to another in "As Thousands Cheer," Mr. Adams marked out his design of the character with a good hand, topping them all off with his King George. As for Mr. Irving Berlin's tunes, there is no use in my pretending any right to an opinion. They seemed to me at the same time both to screen us from the words going with them and to leave free Mr. Johnson's settings, to which they made no disagreeable undertone. The best thing about "As Thousands Cheer" is the bang-up efficiency. Without either seeming hard-driven or being slovenly, the whole evening went off like a clockwork blaze.

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The first scene, which was half the first act of Mr. Eugene O'Neill's comedy at the Theatre Guild, was fairly heavy sledding as it started off the story of the Miller family. Among the children, Richard is the star. He is reading these days (the play falls in 1906) the poets, bold spots of Swinburne and Wilde, reading Shaw and what not; his mind is full of theory, freedom, socialism and women. He is in love with Muriel and sends her quotations from the poets, ardent desires ardently said, innocently understood. Muriel's father discovers some of the poetic advances, comes over to the Millers with a letter dismissing Richard and so on. The rest of the plot is Richard's desperation, his fling in a resort, where he gets drunk but will not go upstairs with the girl. Next day a secret note comes from Muriel; he meets her that night in a lone spot on the beach. In the last scenes come the family councils, the parents' tender understanding of this the best of their children. The trouble with the first scene, to resume, lies in an old limitation of Mr. O'Neill's. It is a shortage in his word gift, and more than that in a highly living speech rhythm. For tragedy with an expressionistic or austere direction this limitation is not so noticeable, but in comedy the lack of it cuts down the vibration and go and lessens the sense of theatricality and lively texture. Quicker movement in the actors' dialogue at the Guild would have helped somewhat at least. The result was that even Mr. Cohan manifested a certain nervousness during the scene; his infallible theatre sense told him there was something to struggle against. And Mr. Elisha Cook, Jr., wonderfully cast for the role and an excellent young actor, was led during some of these moments (and even afterward in the play at times) to force a little. He is not yet able to take such passages as they stand, without some undue effort to carry them off. From this scene the play passed to the family at dinner, which, like the scene with the tart, was too long. And from there on the play went better.

About "Ah, Wilderness" at least a somewhat revised judgment might be posed if one saw it in print or with ordinary players in the two crucial roles. As things stand it is impossible to separate Mr. Cohan's creation of the father role and Mr. Cook's of the boy from the play itself.

A great deal of "Ah, Wilderness" comprises the most familiar family motivations, as regards the young, the father, the husband and wife, the old maid, and the mother's illogical and wise devotions and policies, to be found more or less in the usual story of boyhood, fatherhood, motherhood and romantic-domestic contrasts, plus bread and the moon. This is not necessarily anything against it. There is a certain pressure of feeling, a certain surety in motivations and a very moving tenderness and shy tragedy that define another sort of gift from that of the usual prose-comedy writer. This most appears where the dramatist has brought himself most gently into "Ah, Wilderness," and where the players have their best chance to put the best of themselves into their scenes. The portrait of the father has a freshness and meaning at many turning points in the play's motivation which at times rise into something very true and poignant. It was a role that under Mr. George Cohan's hands became the perfection of shadings and theatre significance, simple, strewn with fine pauses, searched for every homely possibility of human content. The good sense in Mr. Cohan's approach kept the character open and popular in comprehension; and the sentiment within his curiously homely and yet exquisite scope gave a final sweetness and even tears to all the full moments as they came. To modulate and at the same time project with such certainty is, of course, the last word in the craft of acting and the first necessity in acting as an art.

Mr. Gene Lockhart as the drinking Sid Davis, devoted to Lily, the spinster who made his reform the test of his love of her, was excellent. The women parts as played, alas, were but so-so. Mr. Elisha Cook's performance had an accuracy and pathos that would be hard to equal; he was able to fill and intensify the part all through. This is high praise. I thought that Mr. Robert Edmond Jones' costumes could have shown more witty detailing without hurting the play at all; though the drabbish room did a good deal toward pointing up the romance working there. His scene for the moonlight sands was beautiful, a sky fretted with stage stars such as only he knows how to employ.

Neither the tenderness toward the characters nor the gentle management of the play's motives need surprise anyone in Mr. Eugene O'Neill. If you have looked well at many a piece of his in the past, you will have seen that the impression of harshness very often was only the rebound from what was both tender and romantic and hungry, and that the hard or bitter turnings of the play sprung partly from some reverse desire in him for life. From this state of things much of his strangely moving appeal has all along arisen. In this general direction very largely lie the better qualities of "Ah, Wilderness." STARK YOUNG.

The Second Yaddo Festival

THE GODS that preside over music festivals were evidently hand in glove with the central musical committee governing the second Yaddo festival of contemporary American chamber-music. This committee, composed of Aaron Copland, Richard Donovan, Walter Piston, Wallingford Riegger and Randall Thompson, had collected musical material quantitatively and qualitatively sufficient to furnish one short concert of significant and new, although somewhat respectable, American chamber-music, and another of interesting and significant repetitions. But the committee insisted on giving three concerts—two on Saturday, September 30, and one on the following day—and spreading its good material correspondingly thin; and the gods apparently abetted it by providing its first two particularly thin programs with the golden setting of a day of perfect autumnal weather, and keeping everyone radiant.

From the dawn till the twilight of that gentle Saturday, a dome of deep and cloudless blue overarched the plain of Saratoga, on which the artists' foundation, Yaddo, stands. The graceful elephantine hotels of the grandiose old watering place presided over sparkling streets. Trees showed the gayest of tapestry greens and golds and reds. Outside the town, the cornstalks glittered in the hazy fields. The northwardly running range of hills bounding the plain upon the west greeted the eye with crests of Renoirlike rose and blue. Enchantment lay no less on human spirits than on things; and the naturally high spirits of the audience were heightened by the circumstance, plain

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even before the exercises began, that in one form or another, nearly "everybody" was represented in the sizable little crowd swarming over the lawns of the hospitable foundation.

Representatives of the two great New York dailies that had disdained to send their musical reporters to the first Yaddo festival seventeen months ago, were conspicuously present. Their attendance betokened the direction of countless eyes and ears scattered all over the country upon the coming festival. The New York Sun's reviewer was there again. A new Associated Press man was on deck. Lots of people were preparing to write the festival up for political, social, educational, musical and esthetical periodicals. And, together with those of composers and critics and other perennial visitors of concerts of modern American music, many new faces appeared in the gathering that finally came to order in the pews arrayed in the Memorial Room of the foundation. Everything was delightful; so, at the end of the first concert and the exhibition of pieces nearly all of them as dull as they were respectable, no one was heard exclaiming against the musical committee, crying that it must have been difficult to find as sad a set of evidences of the American musical advance as these which had just been exhibited; even with the means of production as limited as those at the disposal of the committee actually were. No one was heard swearing, as well he might have done on another kind of day, that a committee which had lured music-lovers from distant points to hear significant new American music and then presented them with a number of student-pieces, deserved summary execution. Everyone was pleasantly agreed that at least one and perhaps two of the "Six Casual Developments" for clarinet and piano by Henry Cowell were serious and refreshing, and that the first seven measures of the fifth development were quite eloquent. As for the rest of the program, it was commonly felt that Donovan's dance-song on the poem of Shirley expressed a mood, and that the rest of his songs would probably have sounded more lyrical if the soprano who sang them had had more voice. Also, that the suite by Herman Chaloff was promising, all in all, in view of the the composer's tender years; that it was a pity that Evelyn Berckman had exhausted the material for her somewhat Wagnerian but sincerely felt song to Housman's "The Far Land" before it was quite over; that the weather was miraculous and that luncheon would taste mighty good. As far as the feelings of the audience went, the festival was a triumph.

Hence, when at the second and evening concert, a little example of the new and the veritable and the significant in American music for whose exhibition the festival was organized, trumped the brilliant starlight by putting in its appearance, its event resembled that of an unexpected dividend on a satisfactory investment. This surprising piece was Walter Piston's *String Quartet*. It was played by the New World Ensemble.

It is a work which exists, as it were, within decided limits, and not merely for the reason that the composer very strictly circumscribed his materials. In general harmonic substance, the quartet is conservatively "modern": Post-Debussian to all purposes; and appears to be the expression of a man who never entirely transcends himself. But it is the piece of one who, while remaining a member of the Harvard musical faculty, feels and thinks in the terms of his medium; and does so very simply and clearly to boot. The form of the quartet is elegant and transparent; the themes in instances are broad and ingeniously developed. The conclusions of each of the three well contrasted movements are clean and decisive. While the aristocratic music embodies no great flights of feeling, in many instances it is movingly fervent; and the passage in the adagio, when, underneath the muted and fluctuating music of the three other instruments, the cello begins its passionate soliloquy, is full of poetry. The work was enthusiastically applauded after both its performances: it is more than probably destined for inclusion in the concert repertory.

And then, when finally at the third and last concert, new and striking works by two strongly creative musicians showed up, one's cup quite ran over. The first of these additions to musical literature (at least in the opinion of the present reviewer) was Roger Sessions's setting for soprano voice and piano of James Joyce's poem, "On the Beach at Fontana," sung by the exquisite artist that Ada MacLeish has developed into. With strictly formalized means, the song strongly and almost graphically conveys an ecstatic mood of fear and foreboding and passion that has never hitherto been expressed. One would call it hysterical, were it not so true to the feeling of the world today and so clearly and powerfully objectified. The song is one of Sessions's most personal compositions.

The other addition to the art of music was Roy Harris's Sextet for double string-trio, magnificently performed by the Aeolian String Quartet with the assistance of Max Weiser and Carl Stern. The Sextet is not only the latest but the completest offspring of the Oklahoma composer's great but hitherto not quite fully organized powers. One would have to search far to find an American composition more richly eloquent of creative heat and necessity than this three-part work, alternately wild and grave, and religious and exuberant; and not much less movingly eloquent of "the real thing" in its inferior than in its superior passages and movements. If the developments of the chorale-form second movement seemed less interesting than those of the prelude or the fugal finale, the polyphony and string-color were uniformly rich: at instances, garnets and other somber brilliants seemed to sparkle from the instruments. The prelude, possibly the outstanding one of the three movements, was the page of an American epic, with its homespun, country-fiddler idiom, and its many wild attacks and tragic suspensions. The somewhat Franckian chorale conveyed a native sort of vague religious poetry. And the almost rhythmless music beginning the finale, and the summary of the ideas of the entire work in one expression on its concluding page, were truly grand.

Meanwhile, W. Quincy Porter's performance of his "Suite for Viola Alone" had displayed another "find" close to the Piston quartet. The little suite's schematic conservatism impels one to associate it, too, somewhat with the music of the past. But its masterly exploitation of its means assure it an independent place. . . . And one had been given the opportunity of reacquainting oneself with several of the "finds" of former years. These, in the order of their impressiveness, were the ethereal middle movement of Carl Ruggles's symphonic suite, "Men and Angels," arranged

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for string sextet by the composer; Charles Ives's pure and lyrical little song, "Where the Eagle Cannot See"; (M. P. Turnbull); Theodore Chanler's elegant syncopating setting of Archibald MacLeish's "These, My Ophelia"; George Antheil's quaint little "Airplane Sonata," a sort of musical Currier and Ives print redolent of the good old days of 1922; and Charles Martin Loeffler's richly colored but thoroughly dated rhapsody for piano, oboe and viola, "L'Etang." So, after all, one came away from Yaddo pleasantly filled with good and new American music; and by the grace of the gods and their Saturday of fine weather, unable to feel the second festival much less successful than the first. And that had been great fun.

PAUL ROSENFELD.

CORRESPONDENCE

How Many Were Killed in the War?

SIR: In Malcolm Cowley's answer to Archibald MacLeish, in The New Republic of October 4, a reference is made to the ten millions who were killed in battle in the World War. This figure seems to be commonly accepted. It is given by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, whose statistics are reproduced in "The First World War." It should be pointed out, however, that it seems to be in the nature of a minimum estimate: ten millions were killed, but more than six millions were "seriously wounded" and almost six millions were "prisoners or missing"; fourteen millions were "wounded." From the manner in which the War was fought, it seems a fair guess that a good percent of the "missing" could be as honestly classified as "blown to pieces," and this, I think, is a more effective term for describing the fate of those who Mr. MacLeish believes had such a good time in their dying. By this time the number of prisoners returned should be accurately known, yet the War Department in 1928 still held to the theological distinction between "missing" and "killed." The War Department, incidentally, in its 1928 figures gives eight and a half millions killed or died out of a total of sixty-five millions mobilized, thus suggesting that the number of deaths in the World War is constantly diminishing (there was a time when sixteen millions was the commonly accepted figure). After studying the available statistics, it seems to me that it is more precise to say that twenty millions were killed in battle, and fifty millions killed in the War. If this estimate is too large, I would like to see the figures refuted.

WILLIAM MCARDLE.

New York City.

Washington and the Bankers

SIR: In your issue of September 20 appears the statement that at the American Bankers' Association convention "spokesman after spokesman earnestly announced the undying opposition of the banking guild to Mr. Roosevelt, General Johnson and all their works." The article implies that bankers contemplate a general program of opposition to the policies of the present administration.

The facts do not warrant this view. There is no concerted opposition among bankers to the policies of the administration, and there was no evidence of such an attitude at the convention.

Any large body of citizens will be a cross section of varied political opinion, and this is true of bankers as well as others. Many bankers are in thorough accord with the administration while others are not, and this is true in respect to every administration. But there is not now any semblance of a unified banker sentiment against the present administration.

It is true that at the Chicago convention certain features of the present banking laws and administration policies affecting banking were critically discussed. Certain carefully considered suggestions for modifications were formulated. For instance, as to the insurance of bank deposits, a postponement of this plan was suggested in order to permit a more careful preparation for it than is possible in the time remaining between now and January 1, when it is to go into effect, but even on this suggestion, there was no unanimity. Some bankers wished to go further than this expression, and others not so far, but the majority seemed to support the suggestion as adopted.

Again, the Association's resolutions expressed the view that the Banking Act of 1933 does not provide a satisfactory legal basis for banking. They also pointed out that the suspension of gold, the existence of permissive legislation for inflation and other factors contributed to the difficulties of bankers. But no controversial issue was raised on these points. The resolutions contented themselves with suggesting that the problems of money and banking should be carefully considered together by a federal commission to formulate legislation, commending meanwhile to the administration and to Congress the advisability of refraining from experimental banking legislation and monetary manipulations. There was no hint of "war against the administration," as your article phrases it, in any action taken by the convention.

On the other hand, the resolutions pledged support and coöperation in the recovery campaign. Also, at the request of an administration representative, they commended to bankers a thorough consideration of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation's offer to purchase preferred stock of banks to strengthen their capital structures—an officially sponsored plan of the administration to promote bank-credit expansion. Furthermore, the association adopted unanimously a detailed code of fair competition following amicable consultations with N.R.A. officials.

I sincerely believe the foregoing represents a true interpretation of the thought and attitude that dominated the convention. The discussions were frank, but the meeting was in no sense an expression of insurgency against what we consider to be the equally sincere efforts of the present administration to promote the common welfare of the people of this country.

F. N. SHEPHERD, Executive Manager,
American Bankers' Association.

New York City.

Hot-Mill Cramps

SIR: In The New Republic of September 13, under the title of "Men at Work," you mention a so-called disease, hot-mill cramps. You say the "disease" is not listed in medical journals and that it is not officially recognized. This is quite true.

Before going further, let me state that I am a senior medical student at the University of Glasgow, Scotland, my home address being Brooklyn.

In our physiology course, under the topic of metabolism and elimination, we discussed a condition similiar to that of hot-mill cramps.

When most of the ocean ships were fueled by coal, the stokers suffered from a condition called stoker's cramps, caused by the intense heat. For years this condition resulted in many fatalities among the men. A scientific investigation being made, it was found that these men lost tremendous amounts of body fluid in the form of perspiration. But water was not the only loss. Large, in fact excessive, amounts of body salts were lost—mostly in the form of Na Cl, or common salt. And it was this loss of salt which caused the cramps. The condition did not manifest itself slowly, but came on suddenly, the men afflicted collapsing *in situ*. Naturally, if they were near the boilers, a fatality usually resulted.

This same condition affects miners, in fact any person whose occupational environment is very hot and whose activity demands an extreme expenditure of energy. From your statement, hot-mill

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cramps seem to be the same type of condition, and it is surprising that they have not been recognized as such.

By having the proper concentration of common salt solution on hand and taking it in sufficient quantities, the salt loss could be compensated, which would result in the practical abolition of a functional "disease" which is at present "the most feared disease in the mills."

MEYER I. KRISCHER.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

To Save Three Victims

SIR: The undersigned wholeheartedly protest against the machinations suffered by three Bulgarian political refugees, Dimitroff, Taneff and Popoff.

These three men have committed no other crime than that of putting their trust in German hospitality. Driven from their own country by the White terror which had raged there since the military coup d'état of January, 1923, they were living in Germany when Hitler's party came into power. Caught in the hurricane which then beat down upon Germany, they were arrested like many other foreigners, Jews or German citizens reputed to be hostile to the new regime.

The Bulgarian legation in Berlin, in the hands of fascists of their own country, denounced them as terrorists, and by an incredible trick they were accused of having participated in the burning of the Reichstag. The Bulgarian fascists even dared to accuse them of complicity in the bombing of the Cathedral of Sofia in 1925, whereas it is known that they were then outside of Bulgaria. The Bulgarian military clique is pursuing a horrible vendetta against these innocent men.

The undersigned demand their immediate liberation. They request that readers of The New Republic who wish to join in this protest write to Henri Barbusse, care of The American League Against War and Fascism, 104 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

HENRI BARBUSSE; JEAN-RICHARD BLOCH; GUMBEL; RUDOLPH LEONHARD; VICTOR MARGUERITE; ROMAIN ROLLAND; CHARLES VILDRAC; LUC DURTAIN; PAUL SIGNAC.

Paris.

What Is a House?

SIR: I was gratified to read in The New Republic of September 20 a review of "The Evolving House" by Mr. Lewis Mumford, for whose opinions as a critic I have always had respect. Frankly, the review puzzles me. . . . I would like Mr. Mumford to say more clearly what he really expects in a history of the home. I thought we made it quite clear that the remaining volumes of the work were to be primarily concerned with American housing and that as such we felt justified in tracing primarily the evolution of the American home. That is the reason the English home occupies such a large portion of the book. It seems to me still a logical approach. The book made no pretensions to a large scholarship and I wonder if Mr. Mumford realizes what a large scholarship would entail. A history giving a complete study of the home would involve a social history, a political history, a religious history, a history of art and an economic history. We tried to touch the high spots of these various histories as they had distinctly affected the home. . . . Mr. Mumford also criticizes the drawings. Does he want accurate methodical line drawings, again along the German plan? Does he realize, when such scholars as Flinders Petrie, Maspero, Breasted and others who have devoted a life to Egyptology are unable to present us with any tangible evidence of widespread importance concerning Egyptian homes, how difficult it would be for any one person in one brief lifetime to dig up the information that individual experts already have not been able to find? . . .

I am sure we appreciate that we did not begin to touch the possibilities of the field. I am sure we would appreciate having somebody of Mr. Mumford's ability do a book on the history of the home, but since nobody has done it, and since nobody seems about to do it, it would help us greatly in our future work if Mr. Mumford could define for us what he thinks such a book should contain and in just what way all the elements should be balanced to make a really satisfactory whole.

Boston, Mass. JOHN BURCHARD, 2nd.

SIR: I am honored by Mr. Burchard's questions, but unfortunately he has put them to me at too late a stage to make an extended reply of any use to him. Were I to pick out the critical error which probably helped to vitiate "The Evolving House," it would be Mr. Bemis's "distinct preconceived idea that the chief factor of the modern housing problem is physical structure." If Mr. Burchard wishes really to investigate the house, ancient or modern, he would do well to throw away that preconceived idea and adopt a working hypothesis which will permit him to look all the facts in the face. Had they done this in "The Evolving House," the authors would not have discussed the house for five hundred pages without presenting a plan or diagram which shows how the design of the house is conditioned by the city, the neighborhood, the street, the lot; nor would they have overlooked all older forms of communal housing in Europe, some of them, like the Fuggerei in Augsburg, of distinct relevance today. The very word city is missing from the index of "The Evolving House" and the authors had apparently no notion that there was any relationship between the part which they abstracted for research and the whole from which they had taken it. Finally, their bibliography has no reference to a whole series of articles in which the present point of view is set forth. Plainly, the eye sees only what it looks for. While "The Evolving House" is filled with enough irrelevant material to enable it to serve as a general Outline of History, there are large tracts of important and accessible data that are not even hinted at.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Long Island City, N. Y.

Extracts from Letters

DOROTHY ROSE of Washington, New Jersey, writes to us about the new Labor Action School, which is organizing evening classes with a faculty composed of Tom Tippett, Reinhold Niebuhr, A. J. Muste and others. Anyone interested can find it at 128 East Sixteenth Street, New York City.

From Colorado Springs, Mr. Howard Coxe takes us to task for "hauling poor old Marx into every occasional review, every piece of literary criticism." This gives Mr. Coxe "a distinct pain." He suggests that as a critical measuring rod our contributors should use the second law of thermodynamics for a change, as it is "more up to date."

H. Kendall of San Francisco writes in to contribute his bit as a layman to the controversy on proletarian art, especially in regard to the Rivera murals. Mr. Kendall, quoting the Mexican artist's remark that he is "a painter who is doing, has been doing and will continue to do his best to paint revolutionary murals and for factional purposes," wishes to know what is particularly revolutionary about the two murals he painted in San Francisco. "If Mr. Rivera has always been what he says he is," Mr. Kendall writes, "perhaps he can straighten out this tangle for a number of people who are not quite sure just what his message was in these two murals."

J. W. Hamilton, of St. Paul, Minnesota, informs us of a plan for a "Peace Ballot Stamp" which would give the people of every nation an opportunity to indicate their desire for peace and to show their opposition to war in a concrete fashion. According to the plan, which has received the endorsement of prominent workers for peace in several countries, a postage stamp of a special and appropriate design, known as a "Peace Stamp," would be placed on sale along with regular postage stamps, selling at the same price and serving the same purpose. The purchaser could purchase the peace stamp if he chose, and the number of such stamps sold would serve as a continual register of the desire of the people for peace.

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Society and Solitude

The Journal of Gamaliel Bradford: 1883-1932, edited by Van Wyck Brooks. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 560 pages. $4.50.

FEW WRITERS have had less to do with any group or movement than Gamaliel Bradford, and from a superficial reading of his "psychographs" it would be easy to think of him as a man not only without a country but almost without a generation; not exactly as a timeless spirit, but as a writer very little touched, for better or for worse, by the life of his time. A more than superficial reading of his books would of course dispel this impression: certainly it is dispelled by the most casual reading of his remarkable journal. This intimate personal record makes it perfectly clear that Bradford was not simply a roaming "naturalist of souls," without roots and without relations: the man *had* contemporaries, after all.

It is true that the book reveals this at the same time that it unveils an almost sensational picture of one kind of detachment. Gamaliel Bradford was forced to hold himself aloof from active life, even from the external activities of the literary life, by decades of ill health; he was *enabled* to hold himself aloof by inherited property; and, quite aside from these two considerations, he was probably a New England recluse by native propensity. The result was a career well insulated, to a hasty glance, against the pressures of time and place. As nearly as a man's life can be lived with his own emotions, with memories, with thoughts, with poetry and prose and the other arts, Gamaliel Bradford so lived his life; and, though he was capable of sincerely regretting his divorce from the world of men, it is evident that he also thanked God for solitude. "There is no real refuge and no escape" from the troubles of the world at large, he wrote, early in 1918. "At the same time, for that very reason I do not care to dwell upon the matter more than is necessary. I find that, for me at any rate, the only relief is to keep my thoughts so far as possible on the larger, higher, more permanent interests of life."

At other times, Bradford said plenty of things that exonerate him from the charge of shallowness which this single passage would justify; and, within narrow limits, he profited intellectually and morally—in a kind of thin incorruptibility—by his isolation from the turbid America of his time. In his earlier years, he was little imposed upon by his eminent New England seniors: he could speak almost like a shrewd foreigner, in his journal, of such worthies as Lowell ("There is no depth to the man's nature, it is all mere polish") or Charles Eliot Norton: "No supreme genius [in our time], says Norton. My dear man, Shakespeare and Dante were not supreme geniuses in their day, and you would have been the last so to account them." He had a real veneration for Emerson, it is true, and a sense of strong kinship with Hawthorne; but his intellectual home was the Italy of Leopardi or the France of Sainte-Beuve or the Germany of Heine, and not the Cambridge of Longfellow or the Boston of Dr. Holmes. And so, in his later years, if his isolation kept him from deeply impressing a younger generation, it also kept him from succumbing for a moment to some dubious fashions of recent decades: read him on Amy Lowell (and her "millions of miles of colored words"), or on Whitehead ("eminently of the Schoolman temperament, which thoroughly rejoices in verbal hairsplitting, and delights to wander in endless mazes, deceived . . . by his own superficial . . . cleverness"), or on Spengler ("these murky depths of thought . . . cloudy and inexplicit"), and you will think that there are compensations for solitude.

At any rate, Bradford enjoyed—or suffered from—that kind of rootlessness: it did not prevent his "belonging," nevertheless. His journal reveals that he was a quite recognizable younger contemporary of Henry Adams, an exact contemporary of E. A. Robinson, an older contemporary of (say) Conrad Aiken. Like so many of his sensitive congeners, he was swathed from head to foot in a thick, soft individualism from which he neither could nor cared to escape. His special work was the writing of appreciative, analytical sketches of remarkable individuals, and he persuaded himself that, in his studies, he could begin, continue and end with the man or woman in question. "Life to me is the human individual," he wrote, "and that only"; and he confessed to feeling "an intolerable disgust" for "history in general": "I confine myself," he observed, "to the infinitely richer and more varied field of the human individual."

Bolstered by his own distaste for social intercourse, his own candid and not unpleasant egoism, this theory of biography laid its hand on every page he wrote, and accounts, more than any other one thing, for the unreality that emanates, despite his subtlety and sympathy, from all his work. Perhaps he might feel disgust for history in general and still say most of what is to be said about Sarah A. Ripley or P. T. Barnum, but he dealt, not chiefly with quaint or singular individuals like these, but with politicians, statesmen, agitators, military leaders and educators, and he seems never to have realized that, with such men, even if your sole purpose is a perfect understanding of individuals, it is not by neglecting history or sociology that you will achieve it. An essay on Webster in which the New England textile industry is never mentioned is not a truly penetrating study even of the man Webster; and, again and again, Bradford's individualist formula stood between him and a deep comprehension of individuals.

It was not the only thing he shared with the other serious writers of his generation: still more fundamental was the incapacity for taking sides which he sometimes called skepticism and sometimes recognized for the insidious indecisiveness it was. Like Henry Adams—and some later "skeptics"—he was inclined to be somewhat complacent about his wavering. "I take no interest in [my reason] whatsoever," he writes, "and I am daily grateful that my work in the world requires no theories and no conclusions, just the endlessly delightful study of the theories and characters of others." He even persuaded himself, intense and earnest as he was by temper, that "nothing matters": "We are as God—or Evolution—made us, and nothing is gained by quarreling with ourselves, and I long ago made up my mind that what I did or what I was, was of too infinitely little consequence for me even to be discontented about it."

Yet contented he certainly was not and, for all his whistling in the dark, he took no real pleasure in his uncertainties. In one passage he confesses to a kind of respect for a certain crude and narrow philosophy because "at least it gives a meaning to this odious, unprofitable farce of life." As these words indicate, Bradford was a profound pessimist. His journal is another document, and in its very unusual candor an invaluable document, in the bitter history of declining individualism. A remote descendant of the energetic Governor of Plymouth, the plain fustian-maker who was also a state-builder on a modest scale, he was capable of negations as dreary as

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those of John Adams' great-grandson: "There is the endless play of phenomena in the limitless universe of space and time . . . and it is cold and cheerless and interminable and infinitely wearying." Yes, decidedly, Gamaliel Bradford belonged to his class and his age.

NEWTON ARVIN.

Can You Hear Their Voices?

No More Trumpets, by George Milburn. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

We Are the Living, by Erskine Caldwell. New York: The Viking Press. $2.

The Cannery Boat, by Takiji Kobayashi and others. New York: International Publishers. $1.50.

IN ONE of his editorial comments, T. S. Eliot spoke of a desire which he had often felt and which he thought must be common among poets: that his poems would be read by workers in forecastles and bunkhouses. Leaving aside such questions as what Eliot has done to make this desire a reality, one feels that the expression of the desire is significant in itself. To a greater extent than in the past, writers actually are struggling to reach the workers, trying to break down the barriers of tradition, education, taste, that separate them, and it is only natural that a poet like Eliot, whose isolation is so evident and whose verse requires so much preparation on the part of the reader, should be most conscious of the desire. In the past four years of the crisis this attempt of writers to reach the masses has grown much more apparent; it has been revealed, for example, by the increasing number of novels, written from both conservative and radical points of view, which specifically deal with the routine problems of workers' lives. It is also reflected in these three volumes of short stories.

Whether George Milburn writes of the emotions of rank-and-file members of those capitalist mass organizations, Rotary and Kiwanis, as in "Apostate" and "A Pretty Cute Little Stunt," or of the gap between some cherished middle-class illusion and the actuality, as in "A Student in Economics" and "A Position on the Staff," the dominant note in his stories is bitterness; he writes of these institutions and beliefs, not with aimless sarcasm, like Mencken, or with undiscriminating irony, like Ring Lardner, or sentimentally, like Sinclair Lewis (though he is indebted to all three), but with a surgical precision, in the way that an observer in an enemy country might record the customs of the people. Nine of the eighteen stories in "No More Trumpets" picture the narrowness and militant stupidity of small-town business men, of landlords, teachers, college deans; most of the rest deal with the defeated, with the nuts and freaks, the monomaniacs and psychological casualties who have come to be familiar American types. A hobo describes his wanderings and an accident which ends in death, to a listener who boils it all down to a two-line joke; a high-school graduate wakes up to the shabby facts of newspaper work on his first day in the office; a poverty-stricken student fails in economics precisely because economic realities are being driven home to him.

Not all the stories are so pointed in their comments; in some, in "Love Song" or "The Drummer's Shoes," grotesque or tawdry episodes are described as though the grotesque were somehow its own justification, and in these stories Milburn reveals the limitations that were apparent in "Oklahoma Town." But the best of his new work clearly shows his development; it shows a sharpened observation, a sensitivity to the nuances of common speech, a broader range of subject and a growing awareness of the social meaning of the prejudices he holds up for ridicule.

There is one story in Erskine Caldwell's "We Are the Living" which strikes a discordant note in the raucous accounts of lustful doings in Maine and Georgia. It is "Rachel," a story of a girl who would never let her sweetheart know where she lived and whose plight he discovered after she had been poisoned from eating garbage. It is not a very good story; it balances precariously between the maudlin and the grotesque; but simply because it is less successful than the other fluent and effortless stories in the book it stands out—it gives the impression that Caldwell is trying to handle a new and unfamiliar subject, that he is trying to develop his talent and write of a kind of happening he has not been drawn to before. Most of the stories treat of sex in its more violent and picturesque stages; they have that combination of squalor and high spirits, and of individuals doing incredible things with a matter-of-fact aplomb, which has come to be associated with Caldwell's writing. He has already shown himself expert in this type of fiction, and for the time being he seems to have exhausted its possibilities—several of these stories, including the best in the book, are simple variations of episodes more fully developed in his own novels. Consequently "Rachel," in spite of its very evident faults, has some importance; like the strike sequence dragged in so unexpectedly at the end of "God's Little Acre," it indicates a change in the audience to which Caldwell addresses himself. (It is true, however, that to isolate only this aspect of his work is to pass over the high literary merit of some of the stories which fall outside this analysis: "Indian Summer," for example, one of the best he has written; or "August Afternoon," which reveals, in the most concentrated form, his curious method of expressing fantastic episodes in a realistic manner.)

"The Cannery Boat" is translated from the work of half a dozen Japanese revolutionary writers. Most of the stories are nervous and inconclusive sketches dealing with strikes, struggles between workers and police, the revelation to workers of the processes by which their exploitation is concealed. In all of them propaganda is laid on with a trowel, all read like first drafts, several are unfinished in a literal sense, two are almost incomprehensible to Western readers. One fragment, however, the title story, is impressive as a sample of the preliminary work of a writer of genius. "The Cannery Boat" has a place in Japanese literature that "The Jungle" has in American, though Takiji Kobayashi, whose talent was never permitted its full development, was an incomparably greater craftsman than Sinclair. Evidently the story was designed as part of a master work on the penetration of capitalism into the colonies. The fragment here reprinted describes a voyage to the Sea of Kamchatka, a crab-fishing expedition which is in the nature of a raid into Russian waters. It has two memorable qualities—the deadly realism of the pictures communicating the stench, the cold, the miserable conditions under which the fishermen work and live, and the freshness and excitement of Kobayashi's prose, apparent even through the translation. He writes of the sea taking on the appearance of "a vast waving flag," of masts rising above the sea like the arms of a drowning man, of a storm in which the waves attacked "like thousands of sharks with white teeth bared," of rain "more eerie than the rain a lost traveler meets in a forest"—most of his images are in terms of action, and convey a sense of strangeness and grandeur that frequently suggests Melville. Even the unfinished

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quality of the story is esthetically fitting, for Kobayashi, who wrote "The Cannery Boat" when he was twenty-five, was killed by the police when he was thirty.

There are fifty stories in these three books, and they powerfully suggest the extent to which the struggles of the bottom dogs have seized the imaginations of writers. The picture built up out of the accumulated incidents shows this division—on the one hand violence and suffering, on the other blindness and indifference; on the one hand, among the bottom dogs, despair, bewilderment, stupefaction, struggles that demand the extreme of courage; on the other, in the classes above, a dreary comfort, boredom, apathy. This is the world these stories express, and in view of them most of the discussion of a workers' literature seems academic and irrelevant. Here is a vast, inarticulate audience groping everywhere for enlightenment, and here are writers reaching toward it by trying to give expression to its struggles. Of all contemporary literary movements, this is the most vital, and surely no one who is interested in literature rather than in politics can disregard these beginnings.

ROBERT CANTWELL.

Blunders Over Mexico

The Crimson Jester, by H. H. Dunn. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. 320 pages. $3.

Thunder in Their Veins: A Memoir of Mexico, by Leone B. Moats. Edited by Russell Lord. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 288 pages. $2.75.

DESPITE the Hollywood frills and overstraining to write a gory thriller around a happy movie title, "The Crimson Jester" is a first-hand document of the Mexican 1910-20 revolution and particularly of the agrarian movement of the South. Emiliano Zapata, the remarkable Indian who rose from ignorance and barefoot poverty to rule an empire of 200,000 square miles, who twice captured the capital of his country, and made and unmade Presidents, is described in a style that skyrockets his career into a spectacular burst of force and murder. Though the author is to be congratulated that he made no effort to rebunk his hero in the squeeze-tear style of Pinchon in his recent "Viva Villa," the contradictions of the present volume, its dogmatic tone and its remarkable deviations from the known records, will provide headaches for future students trying to disentangle that which is not fiction.

Dunn claims to have been riding stirrup to stirrup with Zapata even before the downfall of dictator Porfirio Díaz in 1911; and like the shining dollar, always turned up to participate in Zapata's most fantastic exploits. Yet he mentions few of the outstanding men who were Zapata's inseparable companions in the saddle for seven long years. And at least, since he gives so many *abrazos* (or embraces) to his Mexican friends, he might over so many years and in the space of 300 pages at least have learned to spell the word correctly.

Dunn's own portrayal of himself is not entirely alluring. A newspaper man, he served as spy, first in Madero's, then Zapata's, camps for Dictator Díaz. After Díaz's elimination he served as errand-boy for Zapata and more or less a spy against Madero (who deported him) and Carranza. At one stage he claims that he tried to inform against Zapata to the American occupation in Vera Cruz. Dunn reproduces gibberish passwords which he claims to have learned from Madero when in prison with him in Monterrey (Madero was there only a few hours), to pass him safely into the Madero camps in Galeano (sic) and other places. Madero, at that time on a campaign tour, had no camps; there was no revolt.

Consistently Dunn uses the pet phrases of Zapata's enemies: "The Horde," "footpad, highwayman, convict, soldier, bandit, revolutionist, destroyer of cities and states." He even seizes upon the hack newspaper phrase "the Attila of the South"—claiming to have coined it himself and to have persuaded Zapata thenceforth to use it in signing his official documents! Rats. Zapata's convict term was forced enlistment in the Díaz army; his first escapades were definite rebellions against the Díaz feudal exploitation. As for the followers of Carranza, Dunn calls them "Cockroaches." Carranza is "the Thief" (few have questioned his personal probity), "Mr. Venus" and "Communist scoundrel," a cheap phraseology factually indefensible, but in the best Daily Mirror style.

Dunn relates fiendish looting and debauchery of the Zapatistas, then in the same paragraphs comments upon their perfect discipline, and tells how they paid in currency for whatever they took. The Indians, he claims, wanted hunting lands just to roam over, but in the next sentence he tells how they built their huts and grew corn, bean chile and other crops. He claims the lands they won are still idle, though large-scale and small-crop production has steadily increased in the Zapata area ever since the revolution. In his last pages, however, he rises to a post-mortem apology for his previous best-seller touches:

> Zapata found Mexico enslaved. He left one-third of Mexico free. . . . I cannot but believe that the basic Indian population of southern Mexico is better for his life and works. Never again will they be ground so cruelly beneath the heels of the *policastros* as they were before the star of this New World Attila rose above the Belt and Buckle.

Zapata was no angel. But his executions probably did not greatly surpass those of Huerta, Obregón or Calles; and the legitimate General Pablo González probably laid the state of Morelos more waste than all Zapata's campaigning.

As for Mrs. Moats's book, "Thunder in Their Veins," the chit-chat buzz of it does not carry off the cannonade of the title. Despite the wide praise it received in this country, the author's prejudices are those of the average American engaged in making money in Mexico: undue eulogy of Díaz, bitter condemnation of Madero and Carranza, exaltation of the butcher Huerta, and finally an acceptance of Calles, not because of his program but because he is a strong man who has abandoned his program. Mrs. Moats is frequently dramatic, but she is a weak imitation of the intolerable Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, and her book is typical of a whole class of writing on Mexico which poses as being authoritative.

To give a few examples of the mistakes in her "authoritative" story: Erroneously she announces that only one battle was fought during the entire Maderista uprising. She is completely mistaken about the source of the 750,000 pesos (?) which went into the Madero movement and the way in which it was spent. The most casual acquaintance with Madero, his activities and his utterances would give the lie to her statement that "he issued a call to all the Indians from that part of the country, inviting them to come along with him and share in the loot." She misrepresents the Riveroll incident and denies that Huerta betrayed Madero, an absurd contention. She declares that except for the lifting of the arms embargo by "the dreamer

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in Washington," Huerta "had the rebels quieted." They were never quieted and the movement against him was constantly on the upgrade. The arrest of American sailors from the "Dolphin," so her book reads, was "a blunder on the part of some officious subordinate," but it is well known that the sailors had entered a prohibited military zone. She states that Obregón "sent Pablo González into Mexico City, waiting outside himself with an army behind him. Carranza was given a certain number of days to resign and leave Mexico." González was not "sent," he merely arrived ahead of Obregón and appointed his own Cabinet, attempting to usurp the faculties of the real leaders of the revolt. Obregón waited outside because his army hadn't reached there, and he was waiting for it to arrive in order to handle González and make sure of the victory. Later she announces that "Obregón came into the city two nights later." He did not. He first entered at the head of a huge military parade, in his suspenders on a hot morning.

These are but a few of the errors which invalidate the whole account—and Mrs. Moats, unlike H. H. Dunn, does not try to atone for them by a post-mortem apology to the Mexican revolutionary leaders. In her book we listen to the buzz of a dragon fly over the waters instead of hearing the roar of the torrent beneath. Dunn tells us little, and Mrs. Moats nothing whatever of importance, about the source of the torrent or where it is flowing.

CARLETON BEALS.

A Church United

Church Union in Canada, by Claris Edwin Silcox. New York: Institute of Social and Religious Research. 493 pages. $3.

EIGHT years after the union of three churches in Canada into the United Church, this objective study gathers up the salient facts of the struggle and gives an evaluation of the new institution. Mr. Silcox has done his work admirably. The constituent churches read the manuscript, through their officials and leaders, and the record therefore has a kind of sanction for its perfectly honest and candid criticism of what needed correction.

The first thing one wishes to know about a church is what its creed, if any, is. The United Church calls itself liberal, which means an "emphasis on life rather than doctrinal exactitude." As a matter of fact its statement of faith is a combination of John Calvin and John Wesley, tempered by the meekly remonstrant and essentially orthodox Pilgrim Congregationalist. There is nothing later than the sixteenth century in the letter of the united faith. But that is only the small part of the matter. The whole practical truth is that doctrines in Canada, as in the United States, are in a kind of disrepute amazing to anyone who knows church history and the indispensable part that metaphysical thought has in religion.

Of course, the United Church is not, as some suppose, an inclusive national communion, but distinctly a minority. It is simply the whole Methodist Church, 70 percent of the Presbyterian Church, and the Congregational Churches (the last numerically negligible) formed into a new body. The Roman Catholics are 40 percent of the Canadian church population; the Anglicans are three-fourths as large as the United Church; the Baptists and other denominations which stayed out are probably as great in numbers as the new establishment. The strength of the union is to be found elsewhere: it represents primarily an attempt at national solidarity.

From a religious standpoint the church union is not a major achievement. There is in Protestantism an undoubted decline all over the world, and Canada is part of it. This condition will not be cured by our northern neighbors, for they have not done that which is requisite. The world today waits for its own gospel, in the evolving continuity of Christianity. Mr. Silcox is aware of the necessity, and he would have done well to give more attention to the plain intimations of theological change which even so-called free and liberal churches of many names do not in any way acknowledge. His work is nevertheless an invaluable source for students of the Canadian development. That the United Church will have any bearing on church-union movements in the United States is doubtful, for the conditions are in all essentials different. There has not been a genuine union of historically dissimilar churches here in a hundred years, nor is there much prospect of such union in the near future.

ALBERT C. DIEFFENBACH.

Book Notes

PHILOSOPHY

THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE COMMUNITY: A Historical Analysis of the Motivating Factors of Social Conduct, by Wen Kwei Liao. *International Library of Psychology, Philosophy and Scientific Method. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 314 pages. $3.75.*

It is no easy matter for a thoroughbred Chinese to find his way about in the labyrinth of Western political and social thought; but that is what Dr. Liao attempts in this interesting "historical argument in favor of the proposition that the individual is essentially a product of the community, and yet may by chance become a guide of it." The first half of the volume is a careful analysis of Western thinkers from Plato and Aristotle to Spencer and Mill, so far as the problem of social life was touched upon by them. In the second half we are given an extremely interesting account of Chinese social thought, with its consistent emphasis upon rectitude and its glacial formalism. The line from Confucius to Sun Yat-sen is traced, terminating with the latter's special form of "nationalism" as the combination of Western material civilization with the peculiar spiritual values of the East. Dr. Liao's emphasis upon "chance" as the principal determinant of social control is more picturesque than convincing.

THE MIND OF CHINA, by Edwin D. Harvey. *New Haven: Yale University Press. 333 pages. $3.50.*

Which is the Chinese mind—the essence drawn out by its philosophers, or the crude material displayed by the animistic faiths by which the Chinese still regulate their lives? Professor Harvey chooses the latter for his study and shows convincingly why the modernization of China has been so difficult. The most delicate rationalizations of its philosophers are implicit in the folk beliefs, especially the belief in spirits. The honor given to ancestors is a gentle manifestation of the desperate art of placating spirits—an art which has given pseudo-sciences like astrology and geomancy a longer life in China than anywhere else. The spirit world, like other human dream material, proves to be a form of confession, and it is singular how class distinctions survive in spite of the great equalizer, death. The book is made more absorbing by liberal illustrations from Chinese literature, both from the classics and collections of popular tales.

THE SOCRATIC PROBLEM, by Arthur Kenyon Rogers. *New Haven: Yale University Press. 200 pages. $2.*

There is more than one Socrates in the Platonic dialogues: there are, for example, the Socrates of the Charmides, the Socrates of the Euthydemus and the Socrates of the Symposium. The problem is to fit these personalities together and harmonize them with the historic but fragmentary Socrates. By an extremely subtle and extremely honest method, Professor Rogers has sifted the

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dialogues to find the true Plato and the true Socrates. Strictly speaking, his book is neither a biography of Socrates nor a commentary on Plato's dialogues; yet a definite Socrates is set before us and Plato's doctrines are made to stand out sharply and clearly. "The Socratic Problem" is one of the very best scholarly contributions to the subject.

Public Questions

THE BEGINNINGS OF TOMORROW, by Herbert Adolphus Miller. *New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 322 pages.*

According to Professor Miller, "More history is now being made in a day than was formerly made in many centuries, but unfortunately the acceleration gives no time for the habits of a generation to catch up with conditions." To be understood, the world situation must be studied with a telescope rather than with a microscope. In this volume Professor Miller turns his telescope on such subjects as international relations, revolution, nationalism and racial conflicts, and analyzes the world today primarily with a view to showing what each culture can contribute to the world civilization of the future. While he sympathizes with oppressed groups, he regards nationalism as essentially a disease based upon a revolt against political and cultural imperialism, and attributes the recrudescence of nationalism in large countries such a Italy and America to fear and hatred, while conceding that another reason may be the "psychological yearning of the individual to belong to a group which will give him social dignity." Although there are many acute observations in the book—"The risk of losing life in war or in resisting a revolution is not as disagreeable as the necessity of changing our habits"—Professor Miller's hope for world unity seems optimistic in view of the rise of militant nationalism and the intensification of class struggles.

EUROPE AND THE AMERICAN TARIFF, by O. Fred Boucke. *New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 172 pages. $1.50.*

In his survey of present world economic forces and conditions, Professor Boucke points out Europe's declining economic strength and America's future opportunities in foreign trade, advising the continuance of our present protective policy as an instrument in planning a balanced national economy.

THE FUTURE OF POLITICAL SCIENCE IN AMERICA, An Address by Mr. Bernard Shaw to the Academy of Political Science at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, April 11, 1933. *New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 43 pages. 75 cents.*

This is Bernard Shaw's not especially memorable speech in New York, as revised for publication. It contains a few telling thrusts:

> Your proletariat is unemployed. That means the breakdown of your capital system, because, as any political scientist will tell you, the whole justification of the system of privately appropriated capital and land on which you have been working, is its guarantee, elaborately reasoned out on paper by the capitalist economists, that although one result of it must be the creation of a small but enormously rich propertied class, living at the expense of the propertyless masses, who are getting only a bare living, nevertheless that bare living is always secured for them. There must always be employment available; and they must always be able to obtain a subsistence wage for their labor. When that promise has been broken (and never for one moment has it been kept right up to the hilt), when your unemployed are not only the old negligible 5 percent of this trade, 8 percent of that trade, 2 percent of the other trade, but millions of unemployed, then the capitalist system has broken down; and your most pressing job is to find a better one.

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Communism is bankrupt and the people starving, what they think they are doing? Do they want the Tsardom back again? Tsar or no Tsar, do they want to start a Russian capitalist regime to compete with our own capitalists for our markets? Do they want to dig up the White Bear from his Communist grave and resuscitate him with all claws sharpened tenfold?

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Fiction

GLIBSON, by George Tichenor. *New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.*

This first novel progresses like a drunken party; it begins with a sort of forced gayety and ends, after a period of lights-out confusion in which normal faculties and responses are suspended, in thoroughly scattered disorder. As long as Glibson, super press agent and conscientious, sincere, eloquent stuffed shirt, has the floor, the evening looks promising, but he is soon shouldered aside by a host of dull and unwelcome characters whom even the author does not seem to know. As things grow dull, the author drags in still more strangers, drops them and brings in more. He tosses in blackmail, murder, perversion, but still there is no excitement. The few satiric glimpses of pompous doings in Wall Street suggest that the author passed up a rich subject for one that has grown threadbare. This book is similar in tone to "Peace Broke Out" and other post-war German novels; like them it expresses hysteria, despair, violent hatred against some intangible and invisible enemy.

KINGDOM COMING, by Roark Bradford. *New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.*

Looking at the Civil War through the eyes of the people over whom the textbooks insist it was fought, Mr. Bradford has written an important and interesting novel. The author's long preoccupation with the Negro has given him an acute understanding of his psychology, and all the confusion of the slaves faced with the possibility of freedom—their hopes and speculations and despairs—is presented with a skill and brilliance Mr. Bradford has never shown before. The book also draws a simple, straightforward picture of Negro plantation life which never drifts, as did "Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun," into the blackface tradition. The chapter in which the slaves, watching a Confederate army pass, become convinced that the Yankees will never win the war because all the soldiers in the world are fighting for the "white folks," alone makes the book worth reading. "Kingdom Coming" is by long odds Mr. Bradford's best book.

Contributors

JONATHAN MITCHELL, author of "Goose-Steps to Peace," was formerly a foreign correspondent of The New York World.

ROBERT LITTELL, former literary editor of The New Republic and dramatic critic for The New York World, is at present free-lancing in New York City.

MURRAY E. KING, long connected with the Farmer-Labor movement in the West, is editor of The Organized Farmer.

PAUL ROSENFELD, who has written several books of criticism and a novel, is at present working on his second novel.

NEWTON ARVIN, an associate professor of English at Smith College, is the author of "The Heart of Hawthorne's Journals."

CARLETON BEALS, who is an authority on Caribbean and South American politics, has written several books on that subject, the most recent being "The Crime of Cuba," published this fall by Lippincott.

ALBERT C. DIEFFENBACH is editor of the department dealing with church and religious matters for The Boston Transcript.

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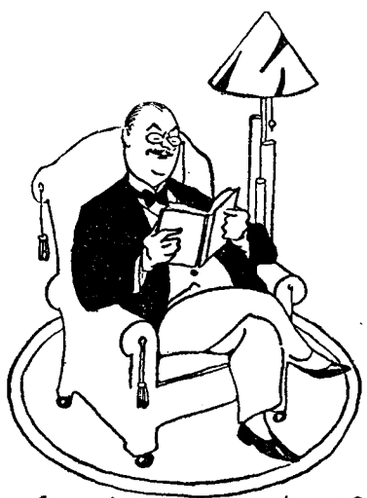

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